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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS. THE BIBLE HISTORY ILLUSTRATED.

Ancient Egypt, her Testimony to the Truth of the Bible, &c. &c. By William Osburn, jun., Member of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature. 8vo, pp. 242. London, Samuel Bagster and Sons.

Among the distinguished cultivators of ancient Egyptian research, Mr. Osburn is one of the most zealous, industrious, learned, and successful. And he has directed his inquiries to that particular field which is the most interesting to the Christian world—that field, in fact, to which all the information which can be gleaned from others and brought to bear on the early history of the human race is, nevertheless, comparatively unimportant. In the inscriptions and representations of subjects which are found on the tombs and temples of the country, he has sought for, and obtained, many of the clearest evidences of the authenticity of the Scriptures. Patiently investigating these remains, and having added to his general knowledge by the reading of papyri, Mr. Osburn compares and interprets with great diligence and acuteness; and even where the proof fails to be quite conclusive (as fail it must in many instances), we have yet such feasible views and probable inductions, that we must own they are, at least, at any rate most likely. Independently of these high qualities, the volume lays broad foundations for future labours of the same kind; and as our acquaintance with the literature and antiquities of Egypt is always receiving new light, we may well believe that it will lead to further information of the most valuable description. With these few remarks we shall conduct our readers to the propyleum of this temple, and if we cannot penetrate its crypts or subterranean depths, still we may take a glance at some of its prominent features, so as to form an idea of what the labours of the author have uncovered and displayed. In the work itself, those who generally desire intelligence on the subject, and the learned in this branch of lore, may find the clearest, plainest, and most lucid embodiment of ancient Egyptian monumental remains, and their application to expound the hitherto dark and ill-defined annals of the Canaanite tribes or nations, with whom the Pharaohs of Egypt and the leaders of the Israelites came into collision.

In setting out, Mr. Osburn takes a needful glance at the precise history of ancient Egypt derived from the following sources, viz.: "1. The Bible, which is also the first beyond all comparison both in the value and importance of the facts it has recorded. 2. The ruins of temples, tombs, &c., now in existence, on which are inscribed the hieroglyphic names of kings, with the dates of their reigns; and also several genealogical tables containing the names of the monarchs of Egypt in the order of their succession. 3. The work of Manetho, a priest of Sebennytus, on the dynasties of the kings of Egypt, written in Greek by the command of Ptolemy Philadelphus about 180 a.c. This book is lost; but long quotations from it occur in the writings of Josephus, Eusebius, and Syncellus. The latter writer quotes from two abbreviators of Manetho, one of whom was named Eratosthenes; the work of the other is called 'The Old Chronicle.' Manetho's book professes to be a translation from historical documents then existing in the temples of Egypt. Like the histories of India, China, Mexico, and most other heathen nations, it commences with the reigns of the gods and demi-gods, [Enlarged 34.]

which lasted many hundred thousand years, and the first of whom was the sun or Phra, who gave his name, Pharaoh, to all his successors on the throne of Egypt. After these come thirty-one dynasties of men, who, according to Manetho, reigned in succession over Egypt for an incredibly long period. The aid, however, of the two preceding authorities enables us materially to cut down this vast antiquity. Some of these dynasties prove to be fabulous; others are the names of kings who reigned contemporaneously over different parts of Egypt. 4. The Greek historians Herodotus and Diodorus."

The following broad facts rest on the authority of the Bible:

"1st. Egypt was colonised by the descendants of Mizraim, the son of Ham, who gave to the country its Oriental name (Mizraim or Mizr), both in ancient and modern times. This event took place shortly after the dispersion of mankind from Babel (Gen. x. 13). 2d. Egypt was a settled kingdom, ruled by a Pharaoh, at the time of Abram (Gen. xii. 10, seq.). 3d. Egypt acquired immense wealth under the administration of Joseph (Gen. xlviii. 1). 4th. Egypt sustained terrible national calamities, which, from the tenor of the narrative, would appear to have been irretrievable ones, at the time of the Exodus (Ex. vii. to xii.).

Expatiating on these points, Mr. Osburn observes, that "notwithstanding the fearful account given by Manetho of the barbarities committed by the shepherds in Egypt, they were evidently a highly refined race. The tomb of Assis is said by its discoverer, M. l'Hôte, to be executed with surpassing skill. It is in the style called *cavea-relievo*, like most other similar monuments; and each character in it has the delicately exquisite finish of a gem or medal. This great perfection of art at so remote a period, which in his judgment was never afterwards equalled, is a subject of great surprise to him, but will occasion none to those who rightly consider that all the arts of social life were, in the first instance, the direct gifts of God to man. The shepherds had adopted the religion, the manners, and the customs, of Egypt. The Pharaoh to whom Joseph was prime minister was the shepherd-king Aphophis, according to Manetho. The king of Egypt with whom Abraham had had communication 200 years before, was also a shepherd-king in all probability. The proof of this is the issue of a long chronological inquiry, upon which we cannot now enter. We only observe respecting it, that the vulgar chronology, which is usually printed with the English Bible, needs critical correction quite as much as that of the kings of Egypt."

After correcting the era of Amosis according to Manetho, and reducing his 2000 to 250 years, between the twelfth and eighteenth dynasties, the author proceeds to inform us, that "the era of Amosis, or the eighteenth dynasty, was the golden age of Egyptian history. Nearly all the temples and palaces, the ruins of which are still in existence, were begun by the Pharaohs of this illustrious line. Every thing that was undertaken by them indicates the possession of enormous wealth and times of the utmost prosperity. The treasures accumulated by the shepherd-kings under the administration of Joseph seem to have produced the usual effect of enervating the possessors and exciting the cupidity of their still formidable neighbours, the hereditary Pharaohs at Abydos. They became in their turn the aggressors, attacked their ancient conquerors, despoiled them of their wealth, and expelled them once more from the limits of Egypt,

of the whole of which they afterwards retained possession. This event took place during the sojourn of Israel in Goshen, after the death of Joseph and his brethren and all that generation. The prosperity of the Israelites in this dependency of Egypt, and the circumstances that they had come thither originally from Canaan, the land of the shepherds, would naturally excite the jealousy of the conquerors. Goshen lay between Egypt and Canaan. In this country dwelt a people more and mightier than they. It was, therefore, perfectly conformable to the suggestions of worldly policy that they should enslave and cruelly maltreat them, lest when these fell out any war, they join also unto our enemies and fight against us' (Exod. i. 10). The new king over Egypt which arose up and knew not Joseph' (Exod. i. 8) was either Amosis or one of his immediate successors; so that the epochs of the eighteenth dynasty and the captivity coincide, or nearly so."

Still continuing to trace succeeding events, we are told of "the era of decline" that "from the collation of Manetho's legend with the inspired narrative, we find that the Exodus was followed almost immediately by a second invasion of the shepherds, whereby the rulers of Egypt, with their infant monarch, the son of Pharaoh who perished in the Red Sea, were once more expatriated and compelled to take refuge in Ethiopia. Thirteen years afterwards, the invaders were in their turn driven out by the Egyptians, and the young monarch recovered the throne of his ancestors. The monuments still in existence record his name, Remeses, which coincides with the name given by Manetho. They also inform us, that after the expulsion of the shepherds he built the palace of Medinet Abou, the last expiring effort of the greatness of ancient Egypt."

These are great leading outlines, which the author proceeds to fill up with matter of profound interest, and seeking aid where it has heretofore been too much neglected, for he says:

"Those who have occupied themselves with Egyptian antiquities seem by common consent to have rejected the aid of the Bible (the only book in existence which professes to be co-temporary with them), and to have relied upon the classical authorities, the earliest of which dates at least 1000 years later than the temples on which these reliefs occur, so that they could not possibly contain any thing beyond vague and obscure traditions of a period so remote. This, as we hope to show (he adds), has been the principal cause of their failure."

Mr. Osburn holds to the eastern origin of the first colonisers of Egypt—He says:

"The pyramids of Ghizeh, in the burial place of Memphis, are the most ancient of all the greater remains. Several of the tombs in their immediate vicinity also belong to the same remote period. As we proceeded up the valley of the Nile to Beni Hassan and Abydos, the remains are those of the era of Osorosis; while at Thebes, and the regions to the south of it, we scarcely find a trace of anything that is earlier than the eighteenth dynasty. More satisfactory proof could scarcely be desired that the progress of the first inhabitants of the valley was from Heliopolis upwards, not from Thebes downwards, as has been too hastily assumed by certain modern antiquaries. In this particular, therefore,

"The tomb of Rekshare at Thebes, which contains the well-known picture of the captive Jews making bricks, is dated in the reign of Thothmosis III. (Mooris), the fifth monarch of this dynasty."

triotic? I will ask the coal-scuttle, and let him decide.' 'As to me, I am vexed,' said the latter; 'thoroughly vexed! Is this the way to spend the evening? Would it not be far better to turn the whole house upside-down, and to establish a new and natural order of things? In this way each one would find his proper place, and I would undertake to direct the change.' 'Yes, let us kick up a row!' cried all at once. At the same moment the door opened: it was the house-maid! All were silent; not one dared to utter a word. Yet there was not a single greaspot but knew what he could do, and of what consequence he was: 'Yes, if I had chosen,' thought they, 'fine work there would have been this evening!' The maid took the matches to get a light. Good heavens, how they sputtered, and then stood all in a blaze! 'Now may every body see,' thought they, 'that we are first in rank. How we shine! What lustre! What light!'—and so saying, they went out.

'That was a capital tale,' said the queen; 'I felt as if I were in the kitchen the whole time. Yes, you certainly shall have our daughter.' 'To be sure,' said the king; 'next Monday you shall have our daughter.' All was fixed for the wedding; and the evening before the whole town was illuminated: nuts and cakes were flung among the people; and the boys in the street stood upon tip-toe, and shouted 'Hurrah!' It was magnificent! 'I must also do something,' said the merchant's son; and he bought rockets, squibs, crackers, and all imaginable fireworks, seated himself in his trunk, and flew up in the air. Hurrah! that was a sight! how it blazed! Every Turk, when he beheld it, gave such a jump, that his slippers flew over his ears; for an appearance in the air like this they had never seen before. They now comprehended that it really must be the Prophet of the Turks who was to have the princess. As soon as the merchant's son with his trunk was again in the wood, he said to himself, 'I think I'll just go into the town, and hear how it looked.' And very natural it was that he wished to know. Well to be sure! What stories the people told! Each one whom he asked had seen it in his way; but they all had thought it superb. 'I saw the prophet himself,' said one; 'he had eyes like gleaming stars, and a beard like foaming water.' 'He flew by in a mantle of fire,' said another. 'The dearest little cherubs peeped out from beneath its folds.' True enough, he heard the most wonderful things; and on the following day he was to celebrate his wedding.

'He now went back to the wood to get into his trunk—but where was it? The trunk was burnt. A spark from the fireworks had fallen into it unobserved, had set fire to it; and there the trunk lay in ashes! Now the poor merchant's son could fly no longer, and was unable to get to his betrothed. She stood the whole day on the roof waiting for him; she is waiting there still. As for him, he goes about the world telling stories; but they are not so amusing as the one of the bundle of matches.'

'The Garden of Paradise,' which follows, is a fine morality; and 'The Wild Swans,' a genuine excursion upon fairy-land. The whole concludes with 'Ole Lucköie,' the giver of dreams, as they are related every night for a week to a little boy named Hjalmar. A passage of Friday's introduction and a sample of the dreams will aptly close this notice.

'Friday.' 'It is incredible what a quantity of old people are always wanting to have me,' said Ole Lucköie; 'particularly those who have done something wicked! Good, dear Ole Lucköie,' say they to me, 'we cannot close our eyes, and we lie the whole night, and see all our misdeeds, that sit like little ugly goblins at the foot of the bed, and sprinkle us with hot water. Do come and drive them away, that we may get a little sound sleep!' And then they heave deep sighs. 'We will willingly pay you:—good night, Ole; the money lies on the window-sill!' But I don't do it for money,' said the old man.

'Saturday.' 'Am I to hear a story?' said little Hjalmar, as soon as the good-natured Ole had got him to sleep. 'We have no time this evening,' said Ole, spreading out his handsomest umbrella over him. 'Look at these Chinese!' And the large umbrella looked like a great china plate with blue trees and pointed bridges, full of little Chinese standing and nodding their heads. 'We must get the whole in order for to-morrow,' said Ole Lucköie; 'to-morrow is a holiday, it is Sunday. I must go up to the church-tower, to see if all the little church-sprites have polished the bells, that they may sound melodiously. I must away into the fields, to see if the winds have swept the dust from the grass and the leaves; I must take down all the stars and polish them. I take them all in my apron; but they must first be numbered, and the holes where they belong must be numbered too, so that each may get his right place again, otherwise they would not sit tight; and we should have a quantity of falling stars if one after the other were to tumble down.' 'I'll tell you what, Mr. Ole Lucköie,' said an old Portrait, that hung on the wall near which Hjalmar slept. 'I am Hjalmar's great-grandfather. I am very much obliged to you for telling the boy pretty stories, but you must not set his ideas in confusion. Stars cannot be taken down and polished. Stars are globes like our world, and that is the very best thing about them.' 'Many thanks, old great-grandfather!' said Ole. 'Very many thanks! You are, it is true, an old great-grandfather, but I am older than you. I am an old heathen; the Greeks and Romans named me the God of Dreams. I have been in the houses of the great, and still go there. I know how to deal with great and little! Now, then, do you tell a story!' And old Ole went away, and took his umbrella with him. 'Nowadays one dares not say what one thinks!' murmured the old Portrait. And here Hjalmar awoke.

'Sunday.' 'Good evening,' said Ole; and Hjalmar nodded, and ran quickly to the portrait of his great-grandfather, and turned it with the face to the wall, in order that it might not mix in the conversation like it did yesterday evening. 'Now you must tell me a story about the five green peas that lived in a pea-shell, and about the cock that paid his addresses to the hen, and of the darning-needle that wanted to be very fine, and fancied itself a sewing-needle.' 'One can have too much of a good thing,' said Ole. 'I will rather shew you something. I will shew you my brother; but he never comes but once; and when he does come to any body he takes him on his horse, and tells him stories. He knows only two; the one is indescribably beautiful, such as no one in the world can imagine; and the other is so horrible and frightful—I cannot say how dreadful!' And he lifted little Hjalmar up to the window, and said: 'There, look at my brother, the other Ole; he is, it is true, sometimes called Death! You see, he does not look half so horrid as he is made in picture-books, where he is all bones. All that is silver embroidery that he has on his dress! It is the richest hussar uniform! a cloak of black velvet flies behind him over his horse: look! how he gallops!' And Hjalmar saw how Ole Lucköie's brother rode away, and took the young and the old up with him on his horse. Some he set before him, and others behind; but he always asked first what testimonials they had. 'Oh, good ones,' said they all. 'Yes, but let me look myself,' said he; and then they were obliged to shew him the book; and all those who had 'very good,' or 'particularly good,' came before him on horseback, and heard the beautiful story; but those who had 'pretty well,' or 'bad,' in their books, were obliged to get behind and hear the dreadful one. They trembled and cried, and wanted to jump down from the horse, but they could not, for they and the horse had grown together. 'But Death is the more beautiful of the two,' said Hjalmar; 'I am not afraid of him.' 'Nor should you be,' said Ole; 'only take care that you have a good certificate in

your book.' 'Yes, that is instructive,' murmured the great-grandpapa's portrait; 'it is, however, a good thing to express one's opinion after all; and now the old gentleman was pleased.'

SHOES: SHOEMAKING.

The Book of the Foot; a History of Boots and Shoes, &c. By J. Sparkes Hall. Pp. 151. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

Ne sutor ultra crepidam will hardly apply to Mr. Hall; for his last involves enow of considerations to make a circle wide enough for any philanthropist or philosopher to write and publish a work thereon. And yet he has been content to give us a very little volume, *ultra* nothing useful and worthy to be known, and unblemished by collateral impertinences, with which, had he been a book-maker, he might have spun out his subject. But he nevertheless begins at the beginning, and refers us (as Mr. Osburn does) to Egyptian coverings for the feet, and also to the early Hebrew notices of the same articles of clothing. Persepolian, Greek, and Roman examples follow in rapid succession; and the relics of several forms, as seen in later days among the brigands of the Abruzzi, the older Irish kern, and the Scottish Highlander. The next, Chapter II., brings us to the history of boots and shoes in England, and Saxon specimens are figured, as are those of the nations we have mentioned, in the preceding pages. The varieties and follies of fashion are curiously illustrated in these often strangely-shaped and richly embellished boots and shoes, in which our ancestors walked in their pride,* till we arrive at the easy plainness of our own day, not much departed from even in ball-rooms and courts. Another chapter describes those worn in foreign countries, from France to China, and from Copenhagen to Turkey and Tartary. With regard to the commencement of the trade, it is lost in the darkness of antiquity, and was probably nearly coeval with the appearance of feet upon the face of the earth. We shall not, therefore, trouble ourselves with chronologically investigating the exact date; nor philologically why our shoes are *souliers* in French, *zapatos* in Spanish, *scarpe* in Italian, and *baschmaki* in Russian. But to come home to our author and our own times:

'The law of England, formerly, not only took cognisance of the quality of the leather which the shoemaker wrought into his goods, but of the number of stitches that he furnished. In one of the small towns in the north of England, the custom of gauging shoes brought to market was prevalent until lately, and the gauger had legal authority to take away any shoe which had not the proper number of stitches.'

Since 1830, when the duties on leather were repealed, there could of course be no longer any surveillance either by Excise or Rule of Thumb. But our *Sutor* continues to inform us:

'The trade as at present conducted in London and other large towns may be divided into two departments, viz. the bespoke and the ready-made, or sale trade; the first of these ranks as chief on account of the superiority of the article, although the latter is the most general and is patronised by the bulk of the population.'

The process of making in the bespoke line is now minutely detailed; and we learn that a pair of boots per diem is a fair job for a workman. With regard to the other line, the information is infinitely more deserving of notice by all ages and ranks of the people, except babies, persons with wooden legs, and those who go barefoot.

'In describing this department (says Mr. Hall), by far the most general in large towns, the ready-made trade, it may at first be supposed all the evils of the bespoke system may be avoided; ac-

* And often to their cost; for in the war of the Roses the order is given,

'Spare none but such as walk in clouted shoon.'

Shakspeare, Henry VI.

According to Barny O'Reardon, in Ireland they are entirely avoided, as a man comes into market with a narrow-full of brogues, and every one helps himself; there is no measuring in the case, and if a brogue is too long, he claps a wisp of straw in the shoe.

There is a large class of persons in London, who sell boots and shoes, but do not manufacture them. The greater part of those persons know no more how a boot or shoe is made than the boots and shoes can be said to possess such knowledge. These articles are principally made in the country or the eastern part of the metropolis, and sent up for sale: perhaps a hundred dozen pairs are made on one pair of lasts; the makers of course have no idea who will be the purchasers, or of the form of the feet of the parties who may wear them; nor do they care, their object being merely the sale and the money. Persons may occasionally purchase a pair of these articles which will suit them tolerably well, as there is no rule without an exception; but for one such instance there are perhaps fifty to the contrary; while some may prove good, others will be perhaps worthless; and though some persons may be satisfied, most people will have abundant cause to regret having risked a purchase. In the 'cheap women's trade' there is also much deception practised, so that cheap is only another word for what at last proves to be, perhaps, the dearest part of the female's expenditure for wearing apparel. The cause of the evil here indicated must be ascribed to one of those many misconceptions of people's own affairs which are so often made manifest in the conduct of individuals and classes. Masters and workmen quarrelling with each other, do not see in the blinded and blinding system of their reprisals what must finally be the result; the employer in some cases must be ignorant of the effect of his curtailments; and the journeyman as ignorant as to the method he takes to protect himself against such injustice. It is thus that the woman's shoemaker, more than any other class in the trade, has found himself lowered within the last twenty-five or thirty years, in the scale of society; and his abilities also, as a workman, deteriorated; the master at the same time losing his own proper position, through the inferiority of those articles he sells, and the public in general, as well as the character of the nation itself, in a sense, injured. The master curtails, or the journeyman exacts too much, differences ensue, fresh men are employed, and the old ones, finding they must do something for a living, move about and struggle on as they can, and ultimately, in their despair, turn a sort of master for themselves. Here, however, as these parties have no shop to expose their goods in, they must sell to those who have, and thus finding shop purchasers, the trade now takes a new complexion. The issue may be readily told: the journeyman now becomes the competitor in a closer sense than ever with his fellow-journeyman; and as the cheapening system widens, the work still gets worse and worse done, and money bulk, not money worth, becomes the only standard in the business. London is at present the chief seat for the manufacture of these sale women's shoes and boots, though various establishments of the same nature are growing up day by day throughout the country. What the penny and two-penny paid shirts are to the hapless needle-woman, the four-penny and six-penny paid slipper are to the poor sadly misallied ladies' shoe-maker. The evil, too, as connected with the London journeyman, and those in other places, is still taking a worse phase day after day. Leather, it is well known, as with all other commodities, can be more profitably purchased in large than in small quantities, and hence the master returns in part to his old character; he now again gets ready his own materials, and gives these to be manufactured by whom he pleases, as was formerly the case; the only difference being, that his cuttings out are now in manifold pairs for a chance sale, and not as before, to a separate measure. There is now, too, no other option for the workman; he must do this

work, and at the very lowest wages, or starve. He may, it is true, considerably slight the articles indeed, he must do so to live at all; and this is now his last and only dependence. And thus an art is found to retrograde, and the fair face of our social progress to become spotted with these deeply to be lamented blemishes, the source of as much national demerit and weakness, as they are of far-spread individual misery. The Northampton, Daventry, and Wellingborough wholesale manufacture of the man's shoe and boot, may be traced to the same cause, and is as productive of the like bad result. The system has grown in these places to a portentous bulk, and that too in the short space of about a quarter of a century. We see at the present, the goods of these places in the shop windows of almost every town in the kingdom, ticketed up at so much the pair: the prices charged being in many cases much less than what some masters pay to the better-qualified journeyman for the mere making of similar-looking articles. The wealthier and more tasteful class of consumers still continue, however, to prefer bespeaking (or to have their measure taken for) their shoes and boots, than to run the risk of any of these chance bargains; and thus, so far, the trade maintains a certain degree of respectability, which is alike beneficial to both the employer and the employed. The English boot and shoe about thirty years since was, generally speaking, the first article of its kind in the world, and so there was nothing to apprehend while the master's price was good and the workman's wages were good also."

The manufacture has since greatly declined; and the French, both in preparing the leather and in what is called blocking, or turning the front of boots, bring a much superior fabric into the market. Considering the vast extent and value of products from leather, this is an important commercial and national fact. Speaking from rough data, we should say that the annual consumption of leather in Great Britain may amount *ad valorem* to five millions sterling, and the labour thereon to fifteen millions; more than half of which consists of wages to some three hundred thousand individuals. If we look at our population, and take an average of 9s. or 10s. a year for the shoes they wear, it will give us some eight millions a year paid for boots and shoes alone. Surely this is a traffic that ought not to be neglected; nor, if possible, suffered to degenerate into a beaten competition. But in this respect, as in many others, we push for too much; and low wages bring inferior, superficial, and flimsy articles at low prices, to contend in foreign markets, and in those of home, with more honest materials, and more genuinely and fairly wrought into shape. Our machinery is a gallant and powerful ally; but it can do the work in the slightest possible manner; and when we come to the wear and tear, we discover, to our cost, that one thing of trickless production will outlast three or four of its cheap vamped-up rivals; which, in the end, are consequently twice as dear as the apparently high-priced but really good and serviceable manufacture, not made, like Peter Pindar's razors, only to sell!

Mr. Hall speaks highly of a new mode of tanning, patented, we believe, by Dr. Turnbull, so famous for his experiments with prussic acid, &c., for the cure of ophthalmia and diseases of the eye. The learned doctor has now, we learn (p. 100), found out that there is "nothing like leather," and applies sugar and sawdust as a preparative for admitting the tannin to take its effect upon the skins and hides, instead of lime as heretofore; and the author says:

"The new method is to prepare a mixture of sugar and water and sawdust—it may be of any other substance containing saccharine matter, such as beetroot, potatoes, turnips, honey, &c., the action of the sugar and pyroxylic, or wood-spirit, is so rapid that the skins are rendered fit to receive and imbibe the tannic acid; and thus the operation of tanning is perfectly accomplished in a very

short time. The leather thus produced is considerably heavier and of finer quality than any leather produced by the present method of tanning. This method of removing the lime is of immense importance, as it not only improves the leather in weight and durability, but enables the tanner to produce a superior article in a much less space of time, and at a much less expense, than heretofore. Attempts have been made to remove the lime by a preparation called grainer, which is mainly composed of the dung of animals; this being of a strong alkaline nature necessarily destroys a considerable portion of the gelatinous matter in the operation of extracting the lime; at the same time much injury is done to the texture of the skin by its rapid action in causing decomposition, and destroying the grain side of the skin, especially in summer. It must be obvious, however, that the moment the skin imbibes lime in any quantity, its effect and influence on the hide or skin is to a considerable extent permanent and destructive. The advantages of the new method appear to be, first, a great additional weight of leather, especially in calf-skins; second, leather of much better quality, soft and not liable to crack or strain; third, a considerable diminution in the expense; and fourth, the tanning is effected in one quarter of the time consumed by the present mode of tanning."

On this point we can pretend to no experience. Mr. Hall next treats of lasts, which, instead of being left to chance, ought to be made correctly at the cost of 5s. or 6s. a pair, according to the anatomy or accidents of the feet intended to be fitted; and we daresay he is right, for there is reason in the proposition, though for our parts we are more conversant with the feet in rhyme. And Mr. Hall does not seem to be behind us in this respect; for his peroration in the last chapter runs into "the poetry of the feet"—winding up with the practical, and advice to those whom we must all desire to see comfortably suited from head to heel—the fair portion of creation. "I am of opinion (says our guide) that the best coverings for the feet are boots; not only do they look neat and tidy, but the general and gradual support they give all over the feet and ankles induces strength, and gives tone to the veins and muscles: shoes, on the contrary, and especially long-quartered ones, require a great effort from the muscles to be kept on, and this, when long applied, tires and weakens. The lace and button-boots usually worn need not be described; they are very good and suitable to most feet, and, if cut well and lasted properly, generally give comfort and satisfaction. The trouble, however, of lacing and unlacing, the tag coming off, the button breaking, or the shank hurting, the holes soon wearing out, and many other little annoyances, have all been experienced as *bored* by thousands who have worn that kind of boot."

To remedy this, Mr. H., after many trials, invented an elastic boot of silk stocking-net, realising the poetry of old Chaucer:

"Of shoon and booties new and faire,
Look at least thou have a paire,
And that they fit so fetously (properly)
That these rude men may utterly
Marvel, alth they sit so plain,
How they come on and off again."

Mr. H. speaks well of the pannus corium, or leather-cloth, and also of Wellingtons, as the most convenient of boots. He also tells us about stockings and feet-washing; and in regard to the latter, says of the late Sir Astley Cooper: "That eminent surgeon never cramped his feet, nor wore shoes that would give him pain; but one thing, however, he habitually accustomed himself to, and that was to immerse his feet in cold water as soon as he arose, and use a rough towel freely afterwards. In the coldest day of winter he was to be seen without a great coat, with silk stockings on his legs and short breeches, traversing the court of the hospital, or sitting in his carriage. The sponge should be applied to the feet, and between the toes, round the nails, which should be cut just to a level with the toe-end, and then a good rubbing all over with a

dry towel, a little Eau de Cologne to finish off with, and you feel quite another creature."

We have now, however, done the best in our power with the volume before us, and trust it may conduce to the ease and comfort of thousands of our readers. For many years have we devoted ourselves to the improvement of their heads, not forgetting their hearts; and they must have the hoofs of a certain personage, whose measure or last is not mentioned by Mr. Hall, if they are not grateful to us for giving our attention so sagaciously and instructively to their feet.

MISS STRICKLAND'S LIFE OF MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA.

[Second notice.]

HAVING passed by the accession of James and Mary, with the mention of which our previous paper concluded, we also pass over the injurious accusations about substituting a supposititious child for the Prince of Wales, except to copy the following remarkable anecdote. On the day of his birth "the Marchioness of Powis was sworn as state governess, and Lady Strickland, wife of Sir Thomas Strickland, of Sizergh, as sub-governess, to the new-born heir of England. There were also two nurses, Madame Lobadie and Mrs. Royere, four rockers, a laundress, and sempstress, and two pages of the backstairs, who were all sworn into their offices. The same night, the numerous nursery establishment, and indeed the whole palace, were thrown into a state of dismay by the alarming illness of the precious babe. The king was called out of his bed at three o'clock in the morning, and the royal physicians were summoned in great haste to his assistance. Mary Beatrice has herself related the following particulars connected with the indisposition of the little prince, and the strange negligence of her own personal attendants at that time: 'A few hours after the birth of my son,' said she, 'the physicians prescribed something for him, which they say is good for babies. I don't remember now what it was; but this I know, that, by mistake or carelessness, they repeated the dose, which made him so ill that every one thought he was dying. As I was in child-bed, the king would not have me awakened with these tidings; but while every one was in a state of distraction, he retired into his oratory to offer that child, who was so precious to him, to God. I awoke in the mean time, and asked for some broth, but saw no one near me, neither nurse nor attendant. I then called. The only person who remained to take care of me was a chambermaid, not more than one-and-twenty years old, and thus I learned that which they wished to conceal from me. The Countess of Sunderland was lady of the bed that night, and it was her duty to watch beside me.

The poor baby seems to have had a bad chance among them. "For the first two months, the existence of this 'dearest boon of heaven,' as the royal parents called their son, appeared to hang on a tenure to the full as precarious as the ephemeral lives of the other infants whose births had tantalised Mary Beatrice with maternal hopes and fears. Those children having been nourished at the breast, it was conjectured that, for some constitutional reason, the natural aliment was prejudicial to her majesty's offspring, and they determined to bring the Prince of Wales up by hand. 'This morning,' says the nuncio, 'I have had the honour of seeing him whilst they gave him his food, which he took with a good appetite; he appears to me very well complexioned, and well made. The said aliment is called *watter gruelt*; it is composed of barley-flour, water, and sugar, to which a few currants are sometimes added.' A very unsuitable condiment for a tender infant, as the result proved; violent fits of indigestion produced inflammation and other dangerous symptoms, and he was sent to Richmond for change of air; but as they continued to feed him on currant gruel, he grew from bad to worse. 'The young

prince lives on,' writes the Ellis correspondent, 'but is a weakly infant, at Richmond.' The queen, who was going to Bath, deferred her journey, and came frequently to see him. She attributed his illness to the want of a nurse, and the improper food with which they were poisoning rather than nourishing him. 'The state to which I saw my son reduced by this fine experiment,' says her majesty, 'would deter me from ever allowing it to be tried on the children of others. When he had been fed in this way till he was about six weeks old, he became so dangerously ill with colic, attended with vomiting and convulsions, that they thought every sigh would be his last. We had sent him to Richmond, a country house, to be brought up under the care of Lady Powis, his governess, and he got so much worse that she expected every moment to be his last. I got into my coach with the determination of going to him at all events. Lady Powis had sent word to us, that if the infant died she would despatch a courier to spare us from the shock of coming to the house where he was. Every man we met by the way I dreaded was that courier.' King James accompanied his anxious consort on this journey, and participated in all her solicitude and fears. When the royal parents reached the river-side, they feared to cross, and sent a messenger forward to inquire whether their son were alive, that they might not have the additional affliction of seeing him if he were dead. After a brief but agonising pause of suspense, word was brought to them, 'The prince is yet alive;' and they ventured over. 'When we arrived,' continues the queen, 'we found my son still living. I asked the physicians, 'If they had yet hopes of doing any thing for him?' They all told us, 'they reckoned him as dead.' I sent into the village in quest of a wet nurse (she who suckled him). I gave him that nurse; he took her milk; it revived him, and she has happily reared him; but this peril was not the least of those which have befallen him in the course of his history, which, like ours, will appear, to those who shall read it hereafter, like romance."

A few months brought greater troubles, and the heartless revolution. The queen and the prince's escape to France is related minutely, with some (we think) new particulars, from the Chaillet MSS. and the French archives (see pages 255 *et seq.*); and the king's subsequent evasion re-unites them at Paris. Here we come more into the Chaillet materials, from which it will be our business to make a few selections. But first a letter from another source, being furnished by Lady Bedingfield, the immediate descendant of the Earl and Countess of Lichfield.

"The anguish (says Miss S., after quoting some high praises of her from Sévigné) that oppressed the heart of the exiled queen, while successfully labouring to establish a hard-earned popularity in the French court, is unaffectedly avowed in the following letter, addressed by her, evidently at this period, to her faithful friend the Countess of Lichfield:

"St. Germain, Jan. 21.

"You cannot imagine, dear Lady Lichfield, how pleased I was to receive two letters from you, so full of kindness as they were. I hope you do not think I am so unreasonable as to expect you should leave your husband and children to come to me. I am in too miserable a condition to wish that my friends should follow it, if they can be in their own country. I was overjoyed to hear by every body, as well as by the king, that your lord had behaved himself so well. I don't doubt but he will continue to do so, and I am sure you will encourage him to do it. The king is entirely satisfied with him, and does not dislike what he did, for he had the example and advice of honest men, which he may well follow. The letter sent by your sister was of no great consequence, but by the courier you had reason to think it was. I thank God I am very well in my health, and have the satisfaction to see my poor child grow visibly every day, and the king

look better than he has done this great while. I want no less to enable me to support my other misfortunes, which are so extraordinary that they move every one's pity in this country, so that they cry and pray for us perpetually. I hope God will hear their prayers, and make us happy again, but no change or condition shall ever lessen the real kindness I have for you.

"This letter is written on plain note paper, and is enclosed in a torn and hastily folded envelope, superscribed: 'For the Countess of Lichfield.' It is sealed with the famous diamond seal always used by the consort of James II. in her correspondence with the adherents of the Jacobite cause. The impression is her royal cipher, M. R. interlaced, surmounted with the crown matrimonial of England."



The queen appears to have been buoyed up with fallacious hopes to the end of James's Irish campaign:

"On the last day of the year 1689, she writes to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, in a perfect ecstasy: 'It is always on a Saturday, my dear mother, that I have news of the king.' I believe that my dear daughters of Sion may already begin to sing their canticles of praise to the Most High, whose puissant arm, without the aid of human means, has almost entirely destroyed our enemies."

"Her majesty goes on to express her hope that the king would soon be master of Ireland; and asks, in conclusion, the continuation of the prayers of the holy sisters of Chaillot. This letter, like all on that subject, is endorsed, 'On the good successes in the war in Ireland, which had no foundation, therefore this letter must never be shown.' Little did the cautious recluse to whom they were addressed imagine the possibility of the concatenation of circumstances which has rendered this jealously hoarded correspondence available material for the biography of the royal writer. When Mary Beatrice first used to make her visits to this convent, the abbess insisted on treating her with the ceremonies due to royalty, and made her dine in her state apartment; but, early in the year 1690, the queen expressed her positive determination not to avail herself of these marks of respect, in the following letter to the superior:

"I thank you, my dearest mother, for the offer you have made me of giving me a dinner in your chamber of assembly, but I cannot be satisfied with that. I wish to eat in the refectory with you and the others, and I pray you to expect me on Tuesday at eleven o'clock, supposing this to be a fast-day. I propose to depart from hence at eight o'clock in the morning, and to be at matins at ten o'clock, in the church of our good fathers. I beg you to have them informed of it. I had already ordained the duty to Riva, to bring you the provisions for dinner on Tuesday, as I am persuaded that my sister, Marie Françoise, will prepare it with much pleasure, since there will be a portion for me, which I charge her to make similar to the others, without form or ceremony.—Adieu, my dearest mother; adieu to all our sisters. I have pleasure in thinking that I shall soon be for some hours at Chaillot. I have great need of such a solace, for since I left you I have had repose neither in body or in mind."

In 1692 the queen gave birth to the Princess Louisa, when the battle of La Hogue had quashed the last hopes of her husband, whose conduct on this occasion the author ascribes to an "unusual state of mind."

"James obstinately lingered for three weeks at La Hogue, after he had witnessed the annihilation of his hopes. Nothing could rouse him from the lethargic stupor into which he had sunk; not even the repeated letters and messages from his anxious consort, who was in hourly expectation of her ac-

fouchement, The melancholy poor queen, the widow of St. Germain, in a letter

'What she rather, which he one little arms? I entirely pass eyes and my mouth; for can be said am'

'After the anguish and at La Hogue conviction to an immutable 'Oh, but his thro

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Couchement, and implored him to return to her. The melancholy depression of spirits in which the poor queen awaited that event, in the lonely chateau of St. Germain's, unsupported by the presence of her husband, is touchingly described by her own pen, in a letter to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot:

June 14, 1692.

"What shall I say to you, my beloved mother, or rather, what would not you say to me if we could be one little quarter of an hour in each other's arms? I believe, however, that time would be entirely passed in tears and sighs, and that my eyes and my sobs would tell much more than my mouth; for in truth, what is there, after all, that can be said by friendship in the state in which I am?"

"After the first impassioned outpouring of the anguish and desolation with which the catastrophe at La Hogue had overwhelmed her, she endeavours to resign herself to the will of God. An internal conviction that they were vainly struggling against an immutable decree is thus mournfully confessed: 'Oh, but the ways of God are far from our ways, and his thoughts are different from our thoughts. We perceive this clearly in our last calamity, and by the unforeseen and almost supernatural mischances by which God has overthrown all our designs, and has appeared to declare himself so clearly against us for our overwhelming. What, then, pursues the sorrowful queen, 'can we say to this, my beloved mother; or rather, is it not better that we should say nothing, but, shutting the mouth and bowing the head, to adore and to approve, if we can, all that God does; for he is the master of the universe, and it is very meet and right that all should be submitted to him. It is the Lord; he has done what was good in his eyes.' She goes on to acknowledge the difficulty she feels in performing the Christian duty she has described, in the following simple, touching words: 'This, my dearest mother, is what I wish to say and do, and to this I believe you have yourself encouraged me by your words, as you do by your letters, which are always so precious to me. But I say it and I do it with so bad a grace, and so much against my will, that I have no reason to hope that it can be agreeable to God. Aid me to do it better by your prayers, and encourage me constantly by your letters, till we have the happiness of embracing each other again.'

"The dissection of a letter so deeply confidential is certainly rather like unfolding the secrets of a confessional. Little did the royal writer imagine that the various passions that agitated her mind as she penned it would one day be laid open to the whole world. The tragic emotions of the fallen queen, and the elevation of the Christian heroine, are alike forgotten in the natural apprehensions of the weak suffering woman, when she alludes to her situation at this distressing crisis. 'I suffered much, both in body and mind, some days ago,' she says, 'but now I am better in both. I linger on still, in continual expectation of the hour of my accouchement. It will come when God wills it. I tremble with the dread of it; but I wish much that it were over, so that I might cease to harass myself and every one else any longer with this suspense.' * * * How deeply hurt the poor queen felt at the unaccountable perversity of her lord, in continuing to absent himself from her at this agitating crisis, may be perceived from the tone of unwonted bitterness with which she adverts to his conduct. 'When I began my letter yesterday,' she says, 'I was in uncertainty what the king would do, and of the time when I might have the happiness of seeing him, for he has not yet chosen to retire from La Hogue, though he has had nothing to keep him there; and the state in which I am speaks for itself, to make him come to me. In the meantime,' continues her majesty, with increasing pique at James's strange insensibility to the importance of the impending event, and the necessity of making such arrangements as would render the birth of their expected infant a verification of

the legitimacy of their son, 'he would not resolve on anything, but he will find all well done, although it has cost me much to have it so without his orders, which my Lord Melfort came to bring us this morning. It seems that for the present the king has nothing to do but to return hither till they can take other measures.'

The child was born on the 28th of June, a week after the return of its father, and we are told:

"The morbid state of apathy in which King James had remained ever since the battle of La Hogue yielded to softer emotions when he beheld the new-born princess. He welcomed her with a burst of paternal affection, and bestowed the tenderest caresses upon her. When she was dressed, he presented her to the queen, with these touching words: 'See what God has given us, to be our consolation in our exile.' He called her 'his comforter,' because he said, 'he had now one daughter, who had never sinned against him.' He had confidently anticipated another son, but he declared himself abundantly grateful to Heaven for the precious gift of this girl. * * * Eighteen days before the birth of the Princess Louisa, the son of James II. and Mary Beatrice completed his fourth year. Mary Beatrice assured the nuns of Chaillot 'that she never saw the king her husband in a passion but once, and that was with their little son, on account of his manifesting some symptoms of childish terror when he was only four years old.' Her maternal anxiety tendered to foster timidity in the child, which James feared might prove inimical to his future destiny."

The voluminous correspondence of the queen was most imprudent, and helped to furnish the acute officials of King William with all the information they desired to enable them to detect the schemes and frustrate the attempts for the restoration of James. Even the secrecy of Chaillot was thoroughly spied out; and the gist of its intercommunications rapidly found its way to London. The Earl of Manchester had priests in his pay, and the nuns were no matches (had they all been staunch and on their guard) against their intrigues. But we must still reserve another No. for matters of a more individual complexion.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Gloucester Congress.

WE are sorry that the pressure of other matters has put it out of our power to present readers with a full and faithful abstract of Mr. Cresy's paper "On Gloucester Cathedral" till next Saturday; and that in the mean time we must be content to offer a single paper, which, however interesting, is yet out of its proper order of march.

"Documents illustrative of history in the archives of the corporation of Gloucester," by Mr. K. H. Fryer. The documents of an historical character in the archives of the corporation of Gloucester consist chiefly of charters of incorporation, the earliest of which is of the date of Henry II., who, probably with the view of conciliating his Saxon subjects to the Norman sway, extended to the smaller towns those charters of privileges which had theretofore been confined to London and a few of the larger cities. By this charter the king grants to the burgesses of Gloucester "the same customs and liberties throughout his whole land for toll and other things as the cities of London and Winchester enjoyed in the time of Henry I., and strictly enjoins that no person shall give them molestation." Then follow the charters of King John and of Henry III., who, it will be remembered, was crowned at Gloucester. Then we come to the charter of Edward III., which appears to have been made whilst the king was staying at Gloucester, and which confirms all former charters and grants (as it is expressed), "out of respect to his father's being buried in the Abbey Church of the town of Gloucester, to the inhabitants the liberty of using all the old customs granted them by

his ancestors, but then out of use; and also that they should be free of tollage, pontage, &c. and all other customs throughout all England and within his dominions." The circumstance of the burial of Edward II. in our Cathedral, in connexion with his cruel death at Berkeley Castle, led to such a conflux of persons on visits of devotion to his tomb, that we are told the town was scarce sufficient to contain them; and their offerings were so great, that out of the oblations in six years the cross aisle of the abbey was built, and that they would have been enough to have rebuilt the whole church.

Next in order of date of the charters which have been preserved are those of Richard II., Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I., and Charles II. The latter is the charter under which the present corporation are constituted. On referring to these charters, it will be observed that up to the time of Henry VI. the charters are directed "to all archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, barons, viscounts, and others;" thus indicating, by the order in which they are mentioned, the supremacy of the church over the laity; whilst after that period, when the crown had come into collision with the church, the charters are directed generally "to all to whom these presents shall come."

Amongst the miscellaneous papers in the possession of the corporation, we find the charter of foundation, by Henry VIII., of the bishopric of Gloucester, by which also the town of Gloucester received the dignity of being converted into a city. This document is very elaborately illuminated, and represents the king in the act of delivering into the hands of the first bishop the deed of foundation, whilst the ecclesiastics, with their shaven crowns, are surrounding his footstool. This document, it is presumed, passed, with the Cathedral and its possessions, into the hands of the corporation during the Commonwealth, under an act of parliament then passed for vesting the Cathedral in the mayor and burgesses of Gloucester, who appear, from entries in their books of receipts and payments connected with the establishment, to have held possession for some years, probably till the Restoration. The exemplification of this act contains in its illuminated border a representation of the Protector, which will be viewed with interest.

There is also a ms. book of the date of 29 Eliz., having reference to the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, who, according to Camden, had it in their instructions to destroy the oak-timber of the royal forest of Dean, on the banks of the river Severn, which flows up to this city; which timber was considered peculiarly fitted for ship-building. In this book is entered a certificate to the Lord Chandos, lord lieutenant of the city and county, of the names of all the able men meet for her Majesty's service in the war, and all horses fit for service; and from this book it appears, that, in order to guard against a sudden attack, a beacon was set up on Robin Hood's Hill, overlooking this city, to be in communication with the beacon on Cleeve Hill, near Cheltenham; and the beacon at Tewkesbury; the form of the oath to the watchmen of the beacon is also given. We also learn, that, in May 1588, the lords of the council required Tewkesbury and Gloucester to bear the expense of sending one ship to serve under the lord high admiral against the Spanish invasion; and accordingly that, for this purpose, the bark "Sutton" was fitted out at a cost of £400.

Connected with this reign, in the corporation-books occur entries of payments incidental to the entertainment in this city of Queen Elizabeth, who paid a visit there when sojourning on one of her royal progresses, at Sudeley Castle, near Cheltenham, then the seat of Lord Chandos. There are two items indicative of the amusements of that period; and in which occur also the names of the two rivals to the queen's favour; the one refers to a payment to my Lord of Leicester's players (whether or not any of Shakspeare's productions were represented on this occasion must be left to con-

jecture), and the other is a payment to my Lord of Sussex's barward "for the dancing of his bears before Mr. Mayor."

In another manuscript book are copies of orders from the Privy Council as to raising train-bands, and the proceedings thereon from about 1626 to 1638, and a copy of a warrant under the royal signet, requiring the Earl of Northampton, the lord-lieutenant of the city and county of Gloucester, to raise 1000 men, and appointing York as the place of rendezvous. There is also a commission of 17 Charles I., for the administration of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy to suspected persons; and another commission, under the great seal, of 11th October, 2 Charles I. for raising money by way of loan, no doubt of a compulsory nature, for the use of the crown, which recites the neglect of the Parliament to afford the necessary supplies to carry on the war with Spain, commenced in the preceding reign, and that the king had therefore, with the advice of his Privy Council, thought fit, of his own authority, to adopt this course to provide for the expense of carrying on the war, and for the protection of this kingdom, which was stated to be menaced.

In the same reign there is a commission, 9th Charles I. 1634, for raising money for rebuilding St. Paul's Cathedral, which was subsequently destroyed by the Great Fire of London, of 1666. The commission recites that "this Church, famous for magnificent structure, and an ornament to the city of London, had fallen into decay, occasioned partly for that so much of the possessions of this church had come into lay hands, that the residue sufficeth not to the continual charge required in the reparation of so great and costly a fabric, and the maintenance of those that attended divine offices there; and partly by wasting, which length of time doth produce—many hundreds of years having passed since this church was erected."

Before concluding, I will briefly refer to an interesting document which I recently discovered in the city archives, but which appears to relate more to the Priory of Lanthony than to the corporation. It is a rent-roll which, on the face of it, is expressed to have been written out by Brother Robert Cole, Canon of Lanthony, in the reign of Henry VI. On the back of the roll is drawn up in a tabular form the genealogy of the kings of England, from William the Conqueror to the commencement of the reign of Henry VI., containing, in addition, a concise chronicle of the principal events of each reign, marking particularly those which bore especial reference to the church, and quaintly contrasting the good or bad qualities of each sovereign in proportion to his beneficence to holy church: for instance, of William Rufus he says, "this king did great grievances to holy church, and held in his hands the revenues of divers bishoprics and abbies;" whilst of his successor, Harry Beaulerck, he adds, "this king discomfited the king of France in battle, and died at St. Dennis in Normandy. He founded the Abbey of Reading, of the order of St. Benedict, wherein he is sepulchred. This king loved well God and holy church, and was a blessed man; wherefore God gave him three things—wisdom, riches, and victory, and he reigned in peace 36 years." Under the heading of King Stephen's reign, the foundation of the Priory of Lanthony is stated in these words: "Also the second yer of this king foresayde, Milo, the sone of Walter Consular, Erie of Herford, Lord of Brekenok, Constable of England, and of al the forest of Dene, the yer of our Lord a thousand, an hundred, xxxv. founded the hous of Lanthony by syde Glouc. by his lyve, and after his diacece was buried in the chapter hous of ye sayde place."

Having thus enumerated the various papers in the possession of the corporation, I beg, on their part, to add, that I shall be happy to afford every assistance in my power to any of the members of the Association who may think it worth while to make a personal inspection of any of the papers after the close of the meeting.

I will now beg your attention to an oil painting which has been lent to me for the occasion, representing the old Toley or Town-hall and the High Cross, together with a row of the old timber houses in the back-ground which extended down the centre of the Westgate Street. The old Toley, which had an open piazza, was taken down in 1755, and the present building erected. The Cross stood at the point where the four principal streets met, and is supposed to have been erected about the time of Richard III. who, previous to ascending the throne, had been Duke of Gloucester, and who was a great benefactor to this city. It had eight canopied niches occupied by as many full-length statues, some of which having fallen to decay or been removed, the niches were occupied at the time the structure was taken down to widen the street, in 1750, by statues of King John, Henry III. and Queen Eleanor, Edward III., Richard II., Richard III., Elizabeth, and Charles I.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Aug. 19th. *Public Meeting.*—Mr. T. Crofton Croker in the chair. Nine new associates were announced, of whom six were from Gloucester and its neighbourhood. Mr. Pettigrew then laid on the table a weekly journal containing a violent and unjust attack on the Association, and especially on himself personally, founded on an untrue and exaggerated statement, pretended to be made on the behalf of the Gloucestershire Archaeological Society, but which that society had disowned. Several passages were read, and their inaccuracy demonstrated.

Mr. Wright, who had been intimately acquainted with the proceedings at Gloucester, made a detailed statement of different things which had come to his knowledge and under his observation, which left no doubt that members of the Archaeological Institute had for weeks, if not months, before the Gloucester Congress, been actively engaged in prejudicing the people there against the Association and against Mr. Pettigrew; and he shewed a close connexion between this unfair proceeding and the article in question. The circumstances alluded to were of the most frivolous kind that could disturb a body occupied with science, and had only been pushed forwards and magnified by persons who took no part in the meeting, and who were, in fact, opposed to the Association. One or two persons (as it appeared by a letter read by Mr. Smith), stirred up in this way by outward influence, finding no sympathy in the numerous body assembled at the Congress, had since gone to the committee of the Gloucester Society, consisting, he believed, chiefly of members of the Archaeological Institute, and had obtained a vote of censure on Mr. Pettigrew for the manner in which he had filled the chair at the meetings of the Archaeological Association. He (Mr. W.) could not imagine any body of this kind placing itself in a position so surpassingly ridiculous. Mr. Wright ended by moving a series of resolutions condemnatory of the tone of the article alluded to, and of the conduct of members of the Institute acting in the manner just spoken of, and congratulatory on the scientific results of the Gloucester Congress, and on the unanimity of feeling and purpose existing among the members of the Association.

Mr. Croker, in putting the resolutions, said, that from his own knowledge he could corroborate Mr. Wright's statements, and that he would not hesitate to mention the name of Mr. Hawkins, of the British Museum, a member of the committee of the Archaeological Institute, who had written to a gentleman at Gloucester to prejudice him against the Association, and to persuade him to keep aloof from the Congress; but he (Mr. C.) had had the opportunity of very efficaciously contradicting the misrepresentations of Mr. Hawkins, and the gentleman intended to be thus biased had since become a member of the Association. After some discussion as to form, the resolutions were passed.

Mr. Roach Smith then spoke feelingly, and amid warm cheers of a very full meeting of the most

distinguished members of the Association, of the zealous and kind conduct of Mr. Pettigrew in all his transactions with the Association since its foundation, and the gratitude which the Association owed to him; and moved a resolution expressive of the entire confidence of the meeting in Mr. Pettigrew, and of their abhorrence of the slanderous personal attacks which had been so repeatedly made upon him. This resolution, like the others, was passed unanimously.

The whole evening having been occupied with these expressions of opinion, a large number of interesting antiquarian communications were put off to the next meeting. Among the exhibitions were some fragments of Roman frescoes found the same day in Leadenhall Street, London, of which an account is reserved for the next meeting, and the beautiful miniature of Oliver Cromwell, which we have described in another column.

FINE ARTS.

INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS: GRAND RUPTURE.

OUR last Gazette described incidents of a disagreeable nature which had broken in upon the tranquillity and repose of several of our scientific and literary institutions; and we expressed a hope that the malaria which had injured and the storms which had disturbed them would be ultimately attended by beneficial effects. We are sorry to state that a hurricane has also exploded in the region of the Fine Arts, and that the Institute above named, formed for their furtherance, has been torn to pieces by the rupture of conflicting elements. The matter has been of some months' standing; but whilst there was yet a chance of reconciliation and agreement, we were unwilling to add publicity to the unfortunate and discreditable quarrel, which threatens, if it has not accomplished, the ruin of an association to which every friend of the arts must have wished a perpetuity of harmony and success.

The Institute of the Fine Arts was founded nearly on the model of that of the Architects, in January 1843, and in 1844-5 (as appears from the annual report) had reached an efficient standing in patrons, honorary members, professional members (about 350), and funds. The laws and regulations seemed to be judicious and clear; and the address of the council was gratulatory and promising. Provisional reading and committee-rooms were occupied in Newman Street; and our readers are aware, from the reports which have regularly appeared in our journal, that monthly meetings of considerable interest took place at the Society of Arts in the Adelphi.

This flourishing condition and shew of blossom has, however, been nipped in the bud, and the fruits of the Institute are *nil*, or *non inventus*. The causes, as we are informed, are correctly and truly to be stated as follows:

Some time after the establishment was set in order, a party of the more juvenile members were permitted to occupy a room in Newman Street, where, after the fashion of a club, they might indulge in the artist-like habit of smoking, and moistening the clay made thirsty by that obnoxious practice. The members who did not choose to subscribe to this sweet retreat for the enjoyment of tobacco pipes, cigars, and meerschaums, were not admissible to its pleasant atmosphere; and as those who were so highly privileged did consume coals and candles, and occupy premises, paid for by the general body, it was very properly arranged that they should contribute a certain annual sum to the Institute for the accommodation.

Thus stood matters—one division smoking and piping to their entire satisfaction, and the other looking on, if not quite so stupefied with nicotine weed, at least with perfect nonchalance and apathy, till at the Annual General Meeting in February last, when the questions of expenditure and accounts were necessarily brought under consideration;

Then came the reckoning when the feast was over. The dreaded reckoning, and they smiled no more.

A proposal was moved to increase the subscription from one guinea to two guineas annually. Whereupon up started Law XI. of the constitution: "the accounts shall be audited and laid before the council every six months; they shall also be submitted, with the vouchers, to the members at the Annual General Meeting. The balance sheet shall be printed, in order that any member may obtain a copy on application to the secretary." This said account being called for as a preliminary to doubling the Subscription, as the curious and inquisitive desired to see the grounds for such a measure, was not forthcoming. A debate ensued, and the meeting dispersed without agreeing to the proposition, and expressing surprise at the omission of an element no requisite for the right understanding of the measure. An authenticated audit was (we are assured) promised for the next general meeting; which took place on the 9th of April. Again no accounts were rendered, the state of the finances were in utter darkness; and yet the vote for doubling the subscription was pressed as indispensable to the farther efficiency and prosperity of the Institute. Under these circumstances a committee for investigating the accounts and reporting on the necessity for increasing the yearly charge was appointed: Mr. Frank Howard, chairman; Mr. C. E. Wagstaff, secretary; and Messrs. Waller, G. R. Lewis, and F. Tatnam, their associates.

This was the signal for the subsequent war of the pellets and painting-brushes, the easels and nobsticks. The committee met, inquired, and drew up a report, animadverting in any terms but those of eulogium on certain items of expenditure, and particularly upon matters in reference to the smoking-room and its *habitudes*. These, lost in their own clouds, it stated, had never paid a penny for the rent of the apartments secluded to their *délassements*, not for the coals and candles they consumed in common with the smoke which they could not consume. (The more's the pity!) It went on to affirm that if these arrears were discharged, there would be no need to augment the subscription. Another small piece of apparent irregularity was, *inter alia*, divulged, viz. that a dinner at the private house of a member, to which a few other members sat down, had been charged in the accounts; and although the cost was trifling, it was objected to, as tending to establish a bad precedent. A general meeting was summoned for the 2d of June, for the special purpose of receiving this annoying report; but those whose proceedings it impugned were not disposed to allow such a course to run smooth.

There is no smoke without fire; and the fire-whippers of Persia could not be more irate at the invasion of one of their god's blazing altars, than were the fiery denizens of the smoking-divan at this intrusion upon their calm indulgences and mutual commingled puffing. Their fire and smoke made and wanted no report. They were not military—neither, in the issue of the combat, were they civil. They stood on their defence; and by a clever *coup-de-main* or manœuvre, outwitted, if they did not defeat, their opponents. On the day appointed for the special meeting, they assembled, and took possession of the field at an earlier hour than that fixed for the business in hand. They nominated a chairman of their own (though he took the seat without a pipe in his mouth); and before the council, who had convened the meeting, and had a right to put the president in nomination, could appear in their places, made and carried a motion, the effect of which was posthumously to rescind the appointment of the committee of investigation, and consequently to prevent the reception of its anticipated report. Comment would be waste of time. The meeting was not numerously attended; and the council, followed by a large proportion of members who were present, instead of opposing these irregularities, withdrew; leaving any propositions to be agreed to which those who remained might think proper. Many instant resignations were the result; and many since have followed the example—sorry are we to learn,

amounting to nearly four-fifths of the entire body, and including the names of some of its most distinguished men.*

Ousted, with their report, from the special meeting, the committee were not inclined to let their sweetness be evaporated in the desert air; but in turn took up the aggressive, and issued the annexed document:

"The Special Committee appointed by the General Meeting of the Institute of the Fine Arts,† on the 9th of April, 1846, protest against the whole of the proceedings on the evening of the 2d of June as so irregular as to be utterly subversive of all deliberate character.

"The meeting was specially called for the purpose of hearing the report of the committee (who attended with it), and had nothing to do with the proceedings of any former meeting until the special business of the evening was concluded. From the moment that the chairman delegated his authority to the meeting, by asking whether he should put a motion or not, he virtually vacated the chair; and the council who had summoned the meeting having left the room, it resolved itself into a meeting of the Club, an anomalous body which has arisen in the Institute, and by the neglect or inconsiderate indulgence of the council has been allowed to appropriate a part of the house to the purpose of meeting, drinking, and smoking, thereby rendering the Institute liable to the payment of 25s. per annum, taxes and rates,—to consume the coals and candles of the Institute without payment; and to obtain a power of controlling the voice of the public meetings by caballing in the club-room and coming down in a body to vote by party direction, without having heard the argument, and thus to destroy the intellectual and deliberative character of the Institute.

"The committee, therefore, call upon all lovers of good order, and supporters of the intellectual character of the Institute, to resist the domination of the Club,—to refuse to be bound by its proceedings,—and to refuse to pay any subscriptions until the accounts are satisfactorily adjusted, and the management of the Institute put upon a proper basis.

"The Club is indebted to the Institute; and, from documents handed to the committee, it appears that a greater amount of arrears have been collected than have been admitted; and the subscriptions receivable for this year amount to 453s. 12s., while the debts to Christmas do not exceed 154s. 6s. 9d., and the ordinary expenses of the Institute this year need not exceed 350s.

FRANK HOWARD, Chairman.
C. E. WAGSTAFF, Hon. Sec."

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." The inflamed gentlemen smokers marched forth to battle. They called a general meeting on the 23d of July, and under a protest against its irregularity, and without notice, passed a resolution recommending the suspension of Messrs. Howard and Wagstaff (luckily only) from their privileges as members of the Institute, preparatory to their final expulsion, for having dared to sign the obnoxious circular above recited. Previous to this, however, the council which was in existence at the beginning of our story had resigned in disgust at the disorderly proceedings in June, and, comet-like, had carried a very long tail with them of individuals who refused to attend any more meetings. Thus the Clubbists had the room almost exclusively to themselves, could do what they pleased against parties by whom they felt themselves affronted, and did not call for the accounts which these parties made so strong a point of examining. The number so banded is said to be under fifty; but as quiet persons do not like to fish in troubled waters, it is probable that this unworthy squabble will break up, and dissolve an Institution reckoning about four hundred members.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true." Whether the majority can be brought to rally again, we know not; but we very sincerely lament that a blow of this kind should have produced so serious an evil, and feel that it must be a strong obstruction to any cordial and efficient re-organization of the Institute.

* The following, among others, have been mentioned to us: J. Martin, Rothwell, Pyne, Hurlstone, Lance, P. Park, Davis, Buss, Faulkner, two Clinis, &c. &c. &c.

† Copy of the resolution appointing the committee:—"That, previous to the consideration of the minutes, a committee of five members be appointed (not being members of the council or officers of the Institute), who shall examine the accounts and prepare a balance sheet; and also to report upon the application of the funds up to the present time (whether in accordance with the spirit of the Institute as originally founded or not); and that the question of raising the subscription be adjourned until the said committee shall have made its report. Three of the said committee to form a quorum."

A circular, dated 3 Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, on the 8th instant, is the last we have seen of this untoward controversy. It briefly relates the particulars we have described; and acknowledges the services of the committee in terms of warm approval, and "the energy, discretion, and ability with which these five gentlemen had hitherto discharged a difficult, important, and in some respects a disagreeable, duty."

ART-UNION EXHIBITION.

THE pictures, &c. selected by the prizeholders of the year 1846, to the number of 264, were opened to view in the Suffolk Street Gallery on Saturday last, and made a much better show than the last, or any preceding year. The gallery looked altogether prepossessing; and though few productions of the highest class of art could be expected, there were yet enough to prove that if, as has been objected, such institutions may encourage mediocrity, they have also a superior tendency in rewarding efforts of a character too liable to neglect, and yet very honourable to our native school. Thus, in skimming the catalogue, we find many paintings which obtained our critical eulogy when seen at the R.A., B.I., S.B.A., and Water-Colour Exhibitions; and which had, notwithstanding, met with neither patron nor purchaser. Not to mention lesser performances of smaller price, though very meritorious in their way, No. 4 is the "Painting of Hero," by A. Elmore, A., and selected by a Mr. Ferdinando, the holder of a 300l. prize. "The Gow Chrom," by R. S. Lauder, has been chosen by Mr. Moffit at 150l. "The Dawn of Morning," by Danby—Mr. J. Dudley, 250l. "High Altar, Ghent," by D. Roberts—Mr. J. Brittan, 200l. "Wallace and his Schoolfellows," J. Phillip—Mr. Robinson, 100l. "The Woodland Ferry," Lee, R.A.—Mr. C. Davey, 150l. "Young Gamblers," Hurlstone—Mrs. Evandon, 100l. prize, price given 105l. "Leaving Home," Marshall—Mr. S. Vale, 150l. "Church Interior," Goodall—Miss Clubb, 100l. "The Croppie's Grave,"—Anthony—Mrs. S. B. Pyne, prize 100l., price given 120l. "Christ raising the Daughter of Jairus," E. H. Corbould—Mr. J. C. Elliott, 150l. "Alfred in the Swineherd's Cottage," H. Warren—Mr. B. B. Cabell, prize 10l., price given 100l.!! "Richard II. and Death of Wat Tyler," Weigall—Mr. E. Betts, 100l. And in sculpture, "The First Whisper of Love," the charming group by Marshall—Sir E. Perry, 300l. The same artist's "Dancing Girl," which obtained the meed of 500l., is also in the gallery. But besides these, there are many pictures ranging from 50l. to 80s. (or 100s.), which have been favourably reviewed and justly praised in the *Literary Gazette*, and which we therefore rejoice to see do not lie like dead weights on the hands and minds of those who produced them. "And no one will tell us, when we note down a few of their names, that to encourage them is not to offer a premium for future exertions, that may serve to elevate our national arts." We have Absolon, Boddington, W. Carpenter, Chase, Child, Clater, A. Clint, C. Crowe, De Wint, A. Fraser, Gilbert, Hassell, Hering, Herring, Hook, A. Jerome, Josi, Lear, Le Jeune, Linnell, Linton, the M'fars, A. Penley, Percy, F. R. Pickersgill, Robins, Stevens, Shayer, Wilsons, Witherington, and others, who have well merited the public approbation. When the large sum now annually distributed in this way is rationally considered, without prejudice or the moral feeling ament the question of lotteries, it would seem the height of absurdity to doubt that the interests of the fine arts and the welfare of many toiling artists must be promoted by Art-Unions. If people will cry out that they cannot stimulate or reward the production of the greatest efforts of genius, we can only remark that they do not pretend to make Raphaels or Titians; but a reference to the foregoing will prove that they do something.

* In this case Mr. W. Cribb chose a 70s. picture for a 20s. prize.
† 105s. paid for a 60s. prize.

towards pushing forward not only youthful and promising aspirations, but in remunerating old and tried hands, whose many toils through years of application have done no discredit to themselves nor the country, though they have not attempted the grand imaginary requirements of self-exalted critics, and in adding to the revenues of a number of our most esteemed and eminent men. Why should the arts be unlike every thing else in the world? Establish a good market for aught that human labour and ingenuity can produce, and excellent articles are the infallible result. Out of moderate beginnings spring great improvements; and we doubt not to see the day when Art-Unions may give commission for the noblest works which British genius (and what genius in the world surpasses it in any way?) is capable of achieving.

ORIGINAL MINIATURE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

WE have been shewn, by an artist just returned from Italy, a most interesting miniature portrait of Oliver Cromwell, and decidedly one of the finest and most expressive heads we have ever seen of the Lord Protector. It is in a circular silver mounting, with a gold rim, and set as a star in very showy Bristol diamonds, and was evidently intended to be worn pendent round the neck. It was purchased from a dealer in curiosities at Milan, who was entirely ignorant of whose portrait it was. He stated it to be that of, he believed, "un certo ministro Inglese chiamato Ottobaldo," "a certain English minister called Ottobald," which was doubtless a clever attempt on the part of an Italian to say Oliver; and further, that he had bought it among some other things from an old French officer. It is difficult to account for so valuable a portrait (we should say probably by Cooper, though in a bolder style than his usual high finish) finding its way to Milan; but as we know that some of the Republican party—Ludlow and Broughton, for instance—fled to Switzerland, and resided there, and their families for many generations,* it may have fallen into the French officer's hands as part of the spoil when Switzerland was occupied by the French troops during the revolutionary period, or, it might be, at some former period.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

THE *Times*, its correspondents, *Punch*, and Mr. G. Berkeley, have been very merry and very busy with this group and its appointed locality since our last. If they beg the question of taste, or any of them set up to be judges, *ex cathedra* and without appeal, it is no business of ours. Mr. Berkeley, or Lord Lincoln, or Lord Ellesmere, may be connoisseurs enough to declare at once without appeal that the Arch at Hyde Park Corner is altogether unsuitable for the statue, and that it will be perfectly monstrous there. Other folks, and many of them pretty high in the arts, and generally supposed to be excellent critics, hold a different opinion. But granting that Mr. Grantley Berkeley is infallible on this point, and that his *ipse dixit* is quite sufficient to settle the question, without the ocular demonstration desired by authorities weakly doubting of themselves; there comes the other grand objection, that as the statue must be carried up piecemeal, and limb by limb, it will take a tedious time to dismount it, if utterly disapproved by the public, led by such unparalleled oracles. We rejoice, however, to be able to put an end to this cause of alarm. The Duke and his horse will be elevated together, and not bit by bit, as apprehended. We have seen him entire on his saddle and his steed, as fast as rivets can make him; and it is a magnificent contrivance of mechanics by which such a mass can be raised to the splendid height for which it is destined. "On trial," indeed! and "why not try a wooden group?" to see how it is liked. O sagacious objectors! the cari-

* The traveller is still shewn Ludlow's house at Vevay, where he died, and his tomb, in the church, with the inscription, "Omne solum fortis patria."

catures in an illustrated newspaper* might, independently of your intuitive perceptions and superior intelligence, satisfy you (as they seem to have made a deep impression), without the additional evidence of a Caricature Hobbyhorse and Doll Duke! How the universal decision is to be arrived at is truly a puzzle; but we imagine that those who have so completely forestalled, will take the pains and be able to gather and announce it.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, August 18, 1846.

Our *Harkyeological Gents*, to use the phraseology of the Gloucester Hotel, had last week a rare and precious piece of good fortune, of which I will give you a detailed account.

At the time of the Revolution (1789), some precious fragments, not classified, were buried in the cellars of the Royal Library. When the foundations of the Salle du Zodiaque were laid, a few of these fragments were brought to light and arranged; the rest, become shapeless under a thick coating of dirt, escaped this first investigation.

A few days ago, a general examination of all effects belonging to the Library having been ordered, all the old antiquated relics were washed, and MM. the Conservators discovered amongst them, with much surprise and glee, a superb head of the finest character.

This head is cut out in marble of a greenish hue. The hair, clustered with art, reminds you of the Apollo Belvidere; although the arrangement is more simple, and displays less symmetry. The *galbe* of the face is together supple, graceful, and imposing, like the Venus of Milo. The mouth is shapen with miraculous perfection: it is, as well as the chin and ear, a master-piece of chiselling. The nose is unfortunately truncated from the root to the anterior part of the nostrils. The eyes display a bold and free design; but the pupils are merely indicated.

The first impulse of M. Lenormand on examining this head, evidently of Grecian origin, was to compare it with another head, very fine, although somewhat frowsy, brought from Venice by M. de Laborde, and which was found amongst the ruins of the Parthenon after the siege of 1681. He noticed that both were of equal size, within one millimetre; and, guided by other analogous points, he does not to-day hesitate to attribute to Phidias (no less) the head found in the Library. He further supposes that it formed part of one of the statues belonging to the western front of the Parthenon, and wrote in that sense when drawing up his report to the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres.

It must, however, be remarked that the mouth, the nostrils, the eyes, the cartilages of the ears, and generally all the hollow parts known in the moulding as "black parts," are barely indicated—that the face is rounded, soft, and full of *morbidezza*. All this may well authorise us to conclude that this head was not intended to be seen at a distance, and would contradict the hypothesis that it formed part of the front of the Parthenon. It is, then, rather a hasty conclusion to attribute the head, *a priori*, to the sculptor Phidias. In any case, however, it may be safely asserted that this fragment is one of the finest specimens of the antique Grecian art, at least amongst those possessed by France.

Another treasure-trove, no less precious for science than this latter is for art, is the discovery of a manuscript by Leibnitz, formerly published very incorrectly (in 1819, by the Abbé Eymery), and of which another ecclesiastic, the Abbé Lairroix, gives us to-day the real text. It is the *Systema Theologicum*, in which the deepest metaphysician of Europe asserts his opinions, *in extenso*,

* Which "conveyed a very accurate notion of what the statue would look like when seen from two or three different points of view."—*Times*, 19th.

on all the essential points of the Christian dogma, and especially upon those points which form the grounds of difference between Catholics and Protestants. Neither the period nor the aim of this publication are known, but there is every reason to suppose that it takes its date from the time when Leibnitz, together with Bossuet, took an active part in the project of reconciling the various Protestant creeds with the Catholic Church. However this may have been, we cannot determine what motives may have induced Leibnitz not to publish his book; and the ms. we have mentioned was deposited, at his death, in the library of Hanover. Jerome Bonaparte, created in 1808 king of Westphalia, seized upon the precious relic, and made a present of it to his uncle, the Cardinal Fesch, to whom it must have proved a guerdon of very limited value, and who willingly allowed l'Abbé Eymery to take a copy of it. But this transcript, either badly made or badly superintended, contained important alterations; and the defective edition published from this curtailed text was more a source of regret than of information. Now, thanks to the translation which accompanies the *Systema* properly restored (we are indebted for it to M. A. de Broglie, grandson of the minister), we are enabled to ascertain exactly the religious opinions of one of the men most competent to decide in these delicate matters.

It now thereby becomes avowed that the doctrine of Leibnitz had a singular affinity with the faith of Bossuet. On all essential points—the eucharist, justification, even the worship of saints—the German philosopher secedes from Lutheran doctrines. He acknowledges the concave of Trieste; he quotes in decisions. In one word, after reading this book, there would remain no doubt as to his opinions, if we could refrain from suspecting that instead of expressing his personal convictions, the "Systema Theologicum" was destined, like the "Exposition of the Catholic Faith" by Bossuet, to reduce to the smallest possible number the points of dissidence between both creeds, and to serve the assimilating projects of these two great men.

Another literary curiosity is the "Instructions" of the poet Malherbe to his son Marc-Anthony. They lay buried at Aix, in a private library, from whence an intelligent editor (M. de Chennevières) brought them to light. The date is July 1605, and in the thirty pages they comprise, not a word betrays the concealed prepossessions with which Malherbe was so often reproached. The poet disappears entirely, and nothing is seen but the *gentilhomme*, vain of his nobility, and worthy, by his love of litigation, of his Norman origin. He narrates a long contestation sustained by him against the parish of Brignolles for a sum of 3000 ecus due by them to him, and which they wanted to pay in goods valued above par. This lawsuit lasted five years, at the end of which Malherbe gained the victory, and he seems to glorify himself as much about it as about his best odes. Further on he complains of having been unjustly treated in the division of the family property, and he announces his charitable intention of making his brother Eleazar disgorge, on account of a surplus of property which he had received twenty years before, and which the poet intends to recover with compound interest. In one word, it is impossible to exhibit in family concerns more egotism and interested calculation. How can we, then, trust the following stanza, so full of noble melancholy?

"Tircis, il est bien temps de faire la retraite,
La course de nos ans est plus qu'à moitié faite, &c."

Or then, again, how can we associate the notion of a confirmed litigant, with the feelings of these fine lines to Dupérier, on the death of his daughter Rose?

"Elle était de ce monde où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin;
Et, Rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses
L'espace d'un matin."

As for dramatic novelty, I see nothing but a little

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comic opera worth mention—*Convent Gossip*.^{*} The music composed for this smart *libretto* is the work of M. Potier, the son of our imitable comedian, whom not one of his innumerable successors has been able to erase from our memory. It is pretty and lively, but wanting in invention and originality. We are decidedly to have a third lyrical theatre. The concession for fifteen years has just been given to M. Adam, one of our best composers, and to M. Thibaudenau, who, under the name of Milon, had earned a tolerable reputation for himself as an actor.

[From our occasional Correspondent.]

Paris, August 17th, 1846.

THE newspapers are making a tremendous hubbub about an answer published by the Théâtre Français to the condemnation which Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and a dozen other persons calling themselves *Poëtes* and men of genius, thought fit to pass upon it, for having declared that a comedy, written by the obscure author (named Dumas) of a condemned tragedy, did not possess sufficient merit to entitle it to be placed before the public on the stage of the great literary and national theatre of France. I have just waded through the torrent of words which Jules Janin has let loose upon the subject, and glanced at the fierce and formidable outpourings of scribblers of lesser note; and I assure you that my ears are ringing, and my brain is bewildered by the tumult, as much as they would have been had I passed the last three hours in a belfry, listening to the terrible racket of a score of bob-majors, each trying to out-clang the other. Gracious heavens! One would think, from the noise of these Frenchmen, that the very world has been shaken to its centre by the refusal of the Théâtre Français to receive the play of this Mister Dumas. One would believe that the whole universe is waiting with the intensest anxiety the issue of the squabble between the theatre and the *poëte*. And yet, after all, the affair is miserably contemptible, even for Paris. In London, in Vienna, in Munich, in Berlin, it would have been set down as too despicable to attract a moment's attention. In Paris itself, overflowing as it is with *poëtes*, who are enchanted with any opportunity that gives them the chance of talking, it would not have been dwelt upon for more than twenty-four hours, had it not enabled a few *feuilletonistes* to parade their own monstrous vanity and insufferable conceit before the public. In truth, it is a new proof of the folly and absurdity of not maintaining anonymous writing in newspapers and critical reviews. If I were a Frenchman, I should feel ashamed at so pitiable an exhibition taking place in connexion with my country's literature; as a foreigner, I can only regard it with the most contemptuous disdain.

In one of my previous letters I took the liberty of making some remarks on the comparative advantages of maintaining or abolishing the anonymous in periodical writing, arriving at the conclusion that the former was infinitely preferable in every respect. No impartial person could give any other decision if he would take the trouble of comparing the periodicals of England with those of France. In the former he will always find a measured dignity which is becoming; in the latter he will find the writer talking continually about himself, his affairs, his friends, as if anybody in the wide earth took the slightest interest in either. And in addition to the disgust which such contemptible vanities cannot fail to occasion, the non-maintenance of the anonymous has the disadvantage of throwing almost all the able writers completely into the shade, and of putting into the places which they ought to occupy the wretched literary whipper-snappers who make up in conceit and impudence what they want in sense. Thus, in the political journals, the public knows nothing of such writers as Michel Chevalier, Cuveiller-Fleury, Granier de Cassagnac,

Emile de Girardin, and a score of other first-rate men who write anonymously; but it is positively deafened with the flourishes of trumpets with which the Jules Janins, the Theophile Gautiers, the Hippolyte Babous, the Auguste Vacqueries,—arrant simpletons all—put forth their twaddling trash about trumpety *vaudevilles*, which are dead, buried, and forgotten almost before the ink which records their birth becomes dry. Again, the rejection of the anonymous places the men really superior at a great disadvantage compared to the charlatan, for real talent is always modest, or at least disdains to support its pretensions by unworthy means; whilst the impudent pretender beats his own drum and blows his own trumpet right lustily, and the noise gets him more auditors than his more distinguished competitor. Thus, if you ask any ordinary reader of French periodicals the names of the most eminent writers, he will answer you, glibly enough, Housaye, Fournier, Fiorento, d'Onquaire, and so on, simply because the owners of those names thrust them on all occasions before the public, talk continually about themselves and their own adventures, and puff one another most outrageously; whereas a writer not generally known, who takes the cognomen of "Old Nick," and who, by the by, is remarkably well read in English literature, is worth ten hundred thousand of them. So is M. Philartète Chasles, another distinguished critic of our literature; so are a score of the regular contributors to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, *La Revue Nouvelle*, &c. In fact, the superficial reader of French periodicals (and, alas! ninety-nine out of every hundred readers are superficial) would rate their Macaulays and Crokers, and such like brilliant essayists, far below the shallow contributors to the *Penny Satirists* and the *Cleave's Gazettes*; and the astounding assurance of the latter would be the sole cause of the monstrous injustice.

It is a pleasing fact that every month and every week our literature is becoming more generally known and more highly appreciated in this country. Works of an amusing kind are always most in favour; and accordingly translations of our most popular novel-writers are constantly being given to the public. Bulwer, James, Dickens, D'Israeli, Lady Fullerton, Mrs. Gore, Harrison Ainsworth, Mrs. Trollope, and one or two others, have been and are being done into French. Nor are writers on science and history, and other grave topics, neglected; for if too ponderous to be translated entirely, extracts from their works are given. And it is almost impossible to take up a review without finding one or more articles devoted to English literature or English subjects. *La Revue Indépendante*, *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, *La Revue Nouvelle*, have all, for example, in their most recent numbers, treatises on English matters; the first named a translation of the life of Thomas More from Lord Campbell's *Chancellors*; the second a review, or rather a condensation, of Mount Sorel, one of Messrs. Chapman and Hall's romances; the last a notice of the English protectionist party. *L'Artiste* has also an article on England; and as to the newspapers and periodicals of the lower class, they rarely allow a month to elapse without saying something about our literature. Added to all this, there is a goodly volume, bigger than *Blackwood's*, called *La Revue Britannique*, which gives every month translations of the best articles and essays of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, all the monthlies, the *Literary Gazette*, &c. In truth, the French do far more for our literature than we do for theirs. All that our publishers give are translations of Sue and Dumas, with now and then a clap-trap work of Michelet and Quinet; so that the great mass of our countrymen not unnaturally jump to the conclusion that the French press turns out nothing but foolish and nauseous romances and wild political rant. A greater delusion, by the by, could not possibly exist. It is true that we have reviews which profess to devote themselves especially to foreign literature; but the reader whose knowledge of Parisian works is confined to what

they teach is very ignorant indeed; in fact, the said reviews teach everything *except* a knowledge of the books they profess to review. To enable what advertisements call the "reading public" to have a correct idea of the current French literature of the day, such as the *Literary Gazette* gives of English literature, it would require a weekly journal nearly as large as yours. For my part, I should rejoice to see such a periodical established. It would not only be a valuable addition to our literature, but would have immense effect in beating down the prejudice and softening the contempt which in the bottom of their hearts vast numbers of our countrymen entertain—most unjustly entertain—towards the French nation and every thing French.

It is not a little singular that the French have not to this day any periodical occupying the same ground as the *Literary Gazette*. Even their monthly and bi-monthly reviews are not exactly the same as our quarterlies. They give, like them, treatises on different subjects; but *reviews*, strictly so called, they present very rarely. The newspapers, too, do not, like ours, make reviews of new books a regular department in their columns. Of late, however, the *Journal des Débats*, *La Presse*, and *La Constitutionnel* have noticed some of the more important literary productions of the day; the first named newspaper has even given a long and very flattering notice of Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*. It is therefore not improbable that, before long, literary reviews will be considered as important a section of a well got-up journal, as theatrical notices are at present. New books unquestionably are infinitely more important than the pitiable trash which the Gymnase, the Vaudeville, the Variétés, and other theatres present to the public, in one or more acts, interlarded with scraps of music, and which Janin and such men teach their gullible readers to believe really merit more than the favour of a single line of mention.

The French are beginning to establish weekly newspapers in imitation of ours. One was started some little time ago, and appears to have met with sufficient success to warrant another being got up. If it too succeed, as most probably it will, we shall soon have as great a deluge of weekly broadsheets as you enjoy every Saturday in London. In the advertisements of the new weekly journals the circulation of the weekly newspapers of London is insisted upon, to show that there is a reasonable chance of success for such things in this country. Either by mistake or design, the advertisers put down the *Literary Gazette*, the *Penny Magazine*, *Sharpe's Magazine*, the *Sunday Visitor*, the *Lancet*, and a whole host of professional and religious periodicals, as *newspapers*. The size chosen for the new weekly candidates for Parisian favour is that of the *Examiner*, which is considered most formidable in this part of the world, where the average dimensions of newspapers are about equal to a sheet of ordinary foolscap. Besides the idea of these weekly journals, the Parisians are indebted to England for that of illustrated newspapers. Their *Illustration* was started immediately on the success of the *Illustrated News* and the *Pictorial Times* being established. It is as large as those journals; but truth obliges me to say (notwithstanding the bragging of the French, that they take the lead of all nations in art), that it is very much inferior, both in the design and the execution of its illustrations.

French jokes are seldom of the brightest, and French puns are almost always of the dullest. By good luck, however, one may now and then encounter a joke and a pun that will pass muster. Perhaps the following may be considered of this class; but in presenting them I wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not make affidavit of their originality: "A physician was talking to an author the other morning about his works, when a funeral procession passed. 'The devil!' cried the physician, 'it is my patient M. —.' 'Ah!' retorted the author, 'it is one of your works bound in wood!' " The pun is this: "What is the subject of Hugo's tragedy of *Marie Tudor*?" "Why, the title itself

^{*} From want of space we are compelled to omit the plot given by our correspondent.—*Ed. L. G.*

says it—a husband whilst asleep deceived by his wife—*Mari tu dors!*"

BIOGRAPHY.

ROBERT PLUMER WARD, ESQ.

ON Thursday, the 13th, at the residence of the Lieut.-Governor of Chelsea Hospital, died Robert Plumer Ward, of Gilston Park, in his 82d year. He held office in the Ordnance, and other departments, for the quarter of a century whilst in parliament, and during the Tory administrations of Pitt, Perceval, and Liverpool; and when released from the labours which these duties entailed upon him, he, fortunately for his future fame, turned his eminent talents to the cultivation of literature. Twenty-one years ago he published "Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement," "the graceful and flowing style," and "the well-drawn and attractive characters,"—especially "Georgina a most exquisitely feminine portrait,"—in which were duly commemorated and honoured in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 425, March 12th, 1825. Success and popularity immediately attended this novel; and just two years after appeared, from the same hand, "De Vere, or the Man of Independence." To this, the *Gazette* of March 31st, 1827 (No. 532), paid a still higher tribute of applause, and pointed out the able way in which it pictured "real life," and "instructed through the medium of amusement." Our review spoke truly of "the extensive opportunities which the author had enjoyed of looking at human nature as modified by the existing state of manners and society, and the sagacity and penetration which had enabled him, in so looking, to pierce beyond the surface of that nature, so modified." It also noticed his "imagination not *fetters* by a too intimate or a too long continued intercourse with the dry realities of life," his warmth of heart unchilled and unundurated by the bad, always found mixed up with the good, and his rarely equalled practical sound sense—all of which combined had led to the production of two of the most delightful works in the class to which they belonged. The public voice again ratified our opinion; and the admirable study of George Canning,* among other well-known literary and political characters, in these pages, helped to render them still more popular than, with all their merits, they might otherwise have been. Dr. Cyril Jackson was finely portrayed in this group, and a touch of the autobiography of the author himself peeped out (as we then observed) in the episodes called "The Man of Imagination," and "The Man of Content." And content he was to remain ten years before he once more addressed the public. His "Illustrations of Human Life" (like the preceding, in 3 vols.), issued from the press in the spring of 1837 (*L. G.* Nos. 1052-3), and was followed, in December 1838, by "Pictures of the World," 3 vols., like its precursor, replete with variety, and compared by us to a Macedoine jelly full of fine fruits—the results of "much reading, great experience of the world, sensibility towards the beauties of nature, a highly cultivated taste, and a philosophical turn of mind." In 1841 "De Clifford, or the Constant Man," in 4 vols., worthily crowned these excellent productions from Mr. Colburn's teeming printing-office; but if we remember rightly, Mr. Murray, about 1838, also published a work by Mr. Ward, entitled "An Historical Essay on the real Character and Amount of the Precedent of the Revolution of 1688."

Such are the literary features in the life of this thoroughly English Gentleman, whose family, and personal and political career, will be appropriately found in Burke's last Part of the *Gentry of England*, just published.† We had the honour and pleasure

of Mr. Ward's friendship for many years, and can faithfully bear witness to his fine intelligence and boundless information, to the grace and courtesy of his manners, to the charms of his conversation in society, to the liberality of his spirit, to the integrity of his whole life, firm in public principle and exemplary in private intercourse. During his later years he suffered from the infirmity of deafness, but nevertheless displayed his intellect unaffected to the end, and was as cheerful and instructive as we had known him in earlier days. By a curious coincidence, as if coming events did cast their shadows before, he told us that in writing one of his first works he looked over a road-book to select the name of an old English Gentleman's seat congenial to the scene he was about to paint, and pitched upon *Okeover* as possessing the desirable sound. Twenty years after, having never otherwise heard or thought of it, he married the lady to whom that estate belonged, and lived there during many years, the guardian of her son by a former husband, its owner. Mr. Ward, the member for Sheffield, and the inheritor of much of his father's abilities, adopted a different line of politics, in which he has distinguished himself, and is a member of the present Government. His highest wish may be, that at the close of his career, his consistency and conduct in every respect may cause him to be as widely esteemed and regretted as his honoured father.

SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.

SIR CHARLES WETHERELL was the son of Dr. Nathan Wetherell, Dean of Hereford, Master of University College, Oxford, and a friend of Dr. Johnson. He was educated at Magdalen College, took his degrees of B.A. and M.A. with *éclat*; and at the age of twenty-one entered of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar in 1794. He began his legal career with the Common Law, but wisely transferred his talents to the Court of Chancery, where he rapidly rose, under the favour of Lord Eldon, to great practice and eminence. In 1816 he was appointed a king's counsel. In the following year he conducted his famous defence of Dr. Watson, in the indictment against him and Thistlewood and others, for the Spa-fields riots, and gradually extended his professional labours in cases requiring great research and learning. He became a bencher of his Inn in June 1816, and continued its treasurer for twenty-five years. In 1820 he was elected M.P. for the city of Oxford, for which he sat six years, and then represented Boroughbridge. In January 1824 he was made Solicitor-General, and knighted; and in September 1826 he succeeded Sir J. Copley, raised to the Rolls, as Attorney-General, which office, however, he only held six or seven months. On Mr. Canning's death he returned to the same appointment, and held it fifteen months, when the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, carried by his own Tory party, induced him to resign in 1829, and he never after held any official or legal station but that of Recorder of Bristol. In that city he narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by the mob during the fearful riots which ensued from the Reform Bill struggle. Sir Charles was twice married, rather late in life, but left no issue. The second lady, a daughter of Colonel Warneford, survives him. He was eccentric in his dress and habits, his clothes looking always as if tossed on with a pitchfork; and full of quaintness and facetie in his conversation and public speeches. He was, in short, a very learned humourist; and it is a melancholy thing to have the final scene of such a character terminated by a sad and fatal accident,—the overturning of his carriage on the road near Maidstone. He died, we are told, enormously rich, at Preston Hall, whither he was carried insensible from a concussion of the

brain, on Monday evening, aged 76. A coroner's inquest has given a verdict, and the body has been transferred to London for interment.

JOHN BOSTOCK, M.D.

THE obituary of last week announces the death, on the 6th inst., of this skilful physician and learned, philosophical, and amiable gentleman, at his residence in Upper Bedford Place, aged 74. Dr. Bostock originally practised at Liverpool, where he took a leading part in the medical and scientific institutions which adorn and enlighten that great and intelligent town. His publications on subjects connected with his profession, beginning in 1804 with an "Essay on Respiration, and Remarks on the Reform of the Pharmaceutical Nomenclature," and continued till 1835 (when we believe the latest of his productions appeared), viz. "Sketch of the History of Medicine from its origin to the commencement of the nineteenth century," embraced a vast variety of topics, and occupy many volumes. Among these we may notice, "Outline of the Theory and other treatises on Galvanism," "Experiments and Observations on the Efflorescence on Walls," "On Vegetable Astringents," "Remarks on Meteorology, with a specimen of a new Meteorological Table," "On the Blood and Animal Fluids," &c. Dr. Bostock was, we understand, educated at Edinburgh. He was the intimate friend of Wilson the landscape painter, who painted a portrait of him, a unique and admirable specimen of art. At the period of his decease he was on the council of the Royal Society of Literature, to which honour he had been frequently elected in preceding years; but his general association with letters and philosophy may be gathered from the capitals appended to his name on the last title-page we have seen: M.D., F.R.S., (and repeatedly on the council of this body) L.S., G.S., Art. S., M.C.S., H.S., Z.S., M.R.I., late Pres. of the Edin. Med. Soc., Mem. Geol. Soc. Par., &c. In private life Dr. Bostock was greatly esteemed; and it may truly be said that few men ever lived more usefully in their generation, or entitled themselves more entirely to the regard and attachment of their fellow-creatures.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre closed the season with a bumper house on Thursday. Our notices of the performances have been generally brief; but we must say they have been just and agreeable to facts. For it is proper to state to the public, that of all the clique intrigue and opinion dictated by favouritism and interested motives, the periodical press of London presents nothing to equal the criticisms upon music and its professors. Music is a rich, well-paid field, and the competition in it consequently earnest and bitter. Hence we have newspaper-articles upon every concert, opera, singer, and instrumental performer, not only in direct contradiction to each other, but often in flat violation of truth. We have read statements so utterly at variance with what we had ourselves witnessed, that we literally began to doubt if they applied to the same theatres on the same occasions and with the same performances we had seen a few hours before. The past season, exposed as it has been to animosities thus engendered, has nevertheless, as mentioned in our last, been fairly successful. The re-decoration of the house was a liberal, if not a perfectly tasteful, expenditure; and the foremost vocal talent in the world has been engaged throughout in giving the greatest effect to established favourite operas that will never tire the ear, and to some novelties which have not taken a similar rank, though they have enabled us to judge what are the leading productions of the most distinguished modern composers on the continent and at home. Verdi's two operas, and Donizetti's *Don Gregorio*, come within this category. Since Easter, the ballet, as well as the opera, has been brought forward with more of novelty and attraction; and the three goddesses,

* See *L. G.* No. 533 for the illustration of this interesting matter.

† Mr. Burke says: "Born 19 March, 1765; mar. 1st, 2 April, 1796, Catherine Julia, dau. of C. J. Maling, Esq., of Hilton; mar. 2dly, 16 July, 1828, Jane, relict of William Plumer, Esq., of Gilston Park, dau. of Hon. and Rev. G. Hamilton, son of James 7th Earl of Abercorn; and mar.

3dly, Mary-Anne, dau. of the Hon. Sir G. Anson, and widow of the Rev. C. G. Okeover, of Okeover. He was educated at Christ's Church, Oxford, and High Sheriff of Herts in 1832."

Taglioni, Cerito, and Grahn, have excited an enthusiasm from the stalls at their feet to the gods in the gallery-stalls. Altogether, therefore, we may candidly say, that the efforts of the Lessee have been such as to deserve the public patronage, and the expression of our gratification that they have not failed in reaping their reward.

Next year we shall look for "pastures new," and doubt not that strenuous exertions will be made to render them pleasant and productive.

Haymarket.—Since the re-opening on Monday, this hitherto quiet and popular place of amusement has been the scene of indescribable uproar and confusion. A violent and determined personal opposition to Mr. B. Gregory, who is as strongly supported by his friends, produces such yells and hissing, bravos and clapping of hands, that the acting is dumb-show. Notwithstanding, the play goes on in all seriousness without a single word of the chief parts being heard; and Mr. Gregory presents himself before the curtain at its fall to receive bouquets from his admirers and to acknowledge their rapturous plaudits as announced in the bills. He is, of course, at the same time saluted with epithets not complimentary, and with the loud hootings of those who think his character unworthy of public countenance. These constitute, if not the majority, certainly the most respectable portion of the audience. We are inclined to pity Mr. Stuart and other regulars exposed to these irregular proceedings; but the doings at Covent Garden on a former occasion of Mr. Gregory's public appearance should have been warning to them. We wish, however, for the sake of public decorum, that Mr. Webster had followed the example of Mr. Mitchell, who, we hear, declined to let the St. James's Theatre for the purpose to which the Haymarket Theatre is now appropriated.

Since writing the above, we are informed that yesterday morning a placard was posted on the theatre by Mr. Webster, announcing that it was closed till further notice.

Princess's.—A *Curious Case*, another two-act novelty quickly following the *Barber Bravo*, met with a decidedly favourable reception from the audience of Monday last, a verdict in which we can only partially concur, although bound to record it. It appears to us that the success was mainly due to the lively acting of C. Mathews. The plot, or more properly the incident, is the result of jealous suspicions on the part of Mr. Aubrey (Vining), roused by a meddling, prying, gossiping brother-in-law, one Wiggleson (Mathews), which lead to the discovery that Mrs. Aubrey (Mrs. Stirling) has pledged her diamonds for the benefit of some non-descript baron; but, subsequently, to the proof that she has done this from devotion to her sister, the unconscious Wiggleson's own wife, who is not particularly immaculate,—not a novel idea, but worked up to a certain degree of interest by the clever efforts of Mrs. Stirling. The play, we think, is just neatly written, the first act slow in its march; and we noticed the manifest incongruity between the language, manners, and style of living of the personages, and their supposed stations in society.—The lessee has contradicted a report that he intends closing this theatre from want of patronage. We should, in justice, bear our testimony to the fact, that on two visits paid within the last ten days we remarked how well the house filled at this late season of the year, and that the visitors seemed perfectly satisfied with their amusements.

Adelphi.—A most ludicrous burlesque of the *Judgment of Paris*, in which Wright, Paul Bedford, and Ryan are the goddesses (*pro* Taglioni and Co.), has been produced here; and for dancing, fun, laughable imitation, and capital scenery, is as entertaining as can be imagined. All who are troubled with blue devils may have them cured by a vision of these droll Celestials. The folly of bouquet-pitching is happily ridiculed at the close.

EXPORT TO AMERICA.

The Britannia left Liverpool on Wednesday with

a full freight and a distinguished list of passengers. Among others, she carried from our shores, where- to delight the people of the United States, one of the most beautiful and popular lyrists of this or any other age, whose songs enchant every company with their natural pathos, or excite merriment by their national humour. One of the foremost of Irish novelists has also gone, whose characteristic productions portray the country and its natives in so vivid a manner; yet not to make them laughing-stocks for brogue and blunder, but to exhibit their good qualities along with their eccentricities, and elevate them in the esteem of the world at large. There has at the same time departed a very accomplished musician and composer, whose airs, whether rescued from antiquity and married to legends and superstitions of infinite interest, or original and altogether his own, have long won the ear and touched the heart of the British Isles. In the same circle is a very admirable artist, whose miniatures in our exhibitions took no distant rank from those of Sir W. Ross, Sir W. Newton, and Thorburn. To these we may add an individual unequalled for powers to furnish the entire material for varied entertainment—the pathetic, the ludicrous, the poetic, the musical, and himself embody the whole and give them voice and form for public gratification, most pleasing to the intellectual, and highly amusing to all. Perhaps our readers will ask the names of these personages? They are comprised in a single one—SAMUEL LOVER! He has parted from us to try his fortunes in America, where, we doubt not, his abundant and versatile talents will be duly appreciated. The taste of the country, and its love of the dramatic art, will find ample food for pleasure in Lover's Evenings; and when it is felt that he is the creator of all these intellectual stores, as well as their gifted exponent, we can fancy that from Boston to New Orleans the treat will be triumphant. We will merely add one word more to our contemporaries on the other side of the big water. We entrust to their care and hospitality for a few months a friend who takes with him the warm affections of a wide English and Irish circle, and we tell them that he has earned this feeling not more by his genius than by his conduct in private life, as a worthy member of society and (that comprehensive word) a gentleman.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO —.

River that rollest in thy summer pride
Beneath the walls where she, my idol, dwells;
Bright be the ripple of thine azure tide,
And sweet the influence of thy twilight spells.
Oh, as she gazes (shrired 'mid less fair flowers)
Upon thy course, may she remember one
Whose every thought flows to her through the hours
Which pass'd apart from her lack hope and sun!
Yes, murmur in thy ebbs and swells, how true
The soul whose onward race resembles thine;
And say she is the heaven whose tender hue
Sheds silent rapture on this heart of mine! W. K.

MEMORY'S PICTURES.

WHEN absence hides from me my loved one's face,
While love is harping in me love's alarms,
I fly to memory, and bid her trace
Upon my heart a picture of its charms.
But oh, 'tis useless: for before she makes
A truthful portrait with her pencil there,
My eager eyes the growing fabric breaks,
And I see only fragments every where:
A bright eye here, and there a dancing curl;
A pouting mouth, a little dimpled chin;
But all in such a wild chaotic whirl
That I know not with which one to begin
To make them all a lovely whole again,
And so to let them vanish I am fain. F. F. G.

VARIETIES.

James Minasi.—Frequently has the *Lit. Gazette* urged the claims of this aged artist upon public sympathy, and we rejoice to see our appeal enforced by the *Times* of the 14th. After fifty-two years of application, and the production of many beautiful pen and ink drawings, Mr. Minasi is now bringing

out a portrait of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, by subscription; and we must say, that, putting the feelings of benevolence out of the question, it must be a desideratum with the best-informed members of our social sphere to possess the likeness of a gentleman so pre-eminently distinguished in the annals of British literature and national history.

Westminster Improvements.—On Thursday a deputation, consisting of the Dean of Westminster, Mr. Hindley, M.P., Sir De Lacy Evans, M.P., Mr. Wilson, Mr. V. Vigers, Mr. Thurlow, and Mr. Donthorn, had a conference with Lord Morpeth at the office of the Woods and Forests on the subject of throwing open the view of the west front of Westminster Abbey to Buckingham Palace. Our readers may refer to the plan for this desirable improvement, engraved for No. 1536 of the *Literary Gazette*, from which they will see how much it would beautify those parts of Westminster, besides opening and connecting noble public edifices in a manner worthy of our mighty metropolis. Perhaps the alterations in Buckingham Palace, voted by parliament last week, may be combined with this design, so as to form altogether a more perfect whole.

Discharged Prisoners.—A deputation from the Committee for establishing Houses of Occupation for discharged Prisoners had a conference on Monday with Sir George Grey at the Home-office. The deputation consisted of the Lord Bishop of London, the Earl of Denbigh, Lord Kinnaird, Mr. R. Monckton Milnes, M.P., Mr. Sheriff Laurie, Mr. Alderman Sidney, Mr. Jerdan, Mr. Cochrane, the Rev. S. R. Cattley, and Mr. W. J. Donthorn. The Bishop of London briefly described what had been done by the Committee, which originated with Mr. Sheriff Laurie, and had met from time to time, and adopted measures with the view to carry his benevolent design into effect. His Lordship also mentioned the petitions in favour of the design which had been presented to both houses of parliament, the expression by the Duke of Wellington of an earnest desire on the part of the then Government to promote so desirable an object, and the favourable mooted of the question by the Duke of Richmond in the Peers and Mr. M. Milnes and others in the Commons. Sir George Grey listened with great attention to these statements, and to remarks from the Earl of Denbigh, Mr. Milnes, Mr. Laurie, and others of the deputation; and, after a long conversation, intimated the favourable disposition of the present Ministry towards this plan, and also to other improvements generally in the system of prison discipline and secondary punishments. He noticed that the punishment of transportation would probably undergo some modifications and restrictions, in consequence of representations from the penal colonies, which would render it more important to determine what was best to be done with the increased number of criminals at home. On the whole, it was understood that Government would give the subject its serious consideration, and be prepared to do something at the next meeting of parliament. The Sheriff's Committee pledged itself to continue its labours, and afford every information and aid in its power.

Fanzhall Gardens had a great field-day on Monday, as a fête for the benefit of the Licensed Victuallers' excellent charities. Every sort of amusement was brought forward; the performances were very clever, the fireworks superb, and every thing done with perfect decorum, so as to invite respectable persons to such relaxation.

The Monument to Sir Walter Scott was this week inaugurated with grand ceremonies, and national manifestations of respect and honour, at Edinburgh.

Colossal Hand of Amenoph II.—We have pleasure in stating that this characteristic relic of ancient Egypt, procured by Sir J. Emerson Tennent at the Temple of Karnak, has safely found its way to its destination, the Belfast Museum. It is a portion of the hand and four finger-lengths. [See notice of the statue itself in a recent *Gazette*.]

SALES BY AUCTION.

To Professors of Geology, Mineralogy, Lecturers, and others.
The interesting Collection of Specimens Illustrative of the
Recent Sciences, valuable Library, Drawings, Prints, and
other Effects of the late Thomas Webster, Esq., F.G.S., &c.
&c., Professor of Geology to the London University.

MESSERS. RUSHWORTH and JARVIS will
SELL BY AUCTION, at their Great Room, Saville Row, on
WEDNESDAY, August 26th, by order of the Administrator on behalf of
the Crown, the valuable and interesting COLLECTION of GEOLOGICAL
and MINERALOGICAL SPECIMENS, formed and arranged by the late
Mr. Webster at a very great expense; also a LIBRARY of about 1000
Volumes, including the Works of many eminent Writers on Natural History
in general, Manuscript Works and Lectures, a large quantity of Water
Colour Drawings and sketches by himself and others, and Miscellaneous
Effects.
To be viewed two days previous to the Sale, and Catalogues had, at the
Room and in the City, at the Offices of the Auctioneers, 15 Change Alley,
Cornhill.

LITERATURE AND ART.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

At a General Meeting of the Archaeological Association, in Leicester
Square, on Wednesday, it was resolved:

1. That the statement inserted in the "ATHENÆUM" of the 15th of
August, and in a scandalous fabrication, put forth to injure the British
Archæological Association, and to promote the interests of the Archæological
Institute.

2. That the conduct of certain Members of the Archæological Institute,
endeavouring to prejudice the people of Gloucester and its neighbour-
hood against the British Archæological Association, is creditable to any
to which they belong; and that after having separated from the
Association, and having adopted another name, the Members of the Association
had fully calculated upon delighting the unpopularity and good-will
which exist in the British Archæological Association, and which mani-
fested itself so strongly at the late most successful Congress at Gloucester,
which not one subject of discord or dissension prevailed among its
Members.

3. That the thanks of the Association are eminently due to Thomas J.
Piercy, Esq., V.P. and Treasurer, for the able manner in which he
performed the duties of Chairman at the Congress at Gloucester, in the
absence of the President, and for the zeal he has at all times
manifested to promote the real interests of the Association. The Members
cannot but express their regret at the personalities with which he has
been unjustly assailed, and eagerly embrace this opportunity to assure
him of the high respect and esteem entertained for him by all the Mem-
bers of the Association.

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MENT OF SCIENCE.—The SIXTEENTH MEETING OF THE
BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE will com-
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